Love and a Bottle.

A

COMEDY,

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*

BY

His MAJESTY's Servants.

Vade sed incultus, qualem decet exulis esse.
Ovid. Trist. El. 1.

Written by Mr. *George Farquhar*.

LONDON,
Printed for *Richard Standfast*, next door to the *Three-Tun Tavern*, near *Temple-Bar*; and *Francis Coggen*, in the *Inner-Temple-lane*. 1699.

☞ There is lately published, the Adventures of *Covent-Garden*, in imitation of *Scarrons City Romance*: Printed for *Richard Standfast*. 1699.

To the Right Honourable,

PEREGRINE,

Lord Marquiſs of *Carmarthen*, &c.

My Lord,

BEing equally a ſtranger to your Lordſhip, and the whole Nobility of this Kingdom, ſomething of a natural impulſe and aſpiring motion in my inclinations, has prompted me, tho I hazzard a preſumption, to declare my Reſpect. And be the Succeſs how it will, I am vain of nothing in this piece, but the choice of my Patron; I ſhall be ſo far thought a judicious Author, whoſe principal buſineſs is to deſign his Works an offering to the greateſt Honour and Merit.

I cannot here, my Lord, ſtand accuſed of any ſort of Adulation, but to my ſelf, becauſe Compliments due to Merit return upon the giver, and the only flattery is to my ſelf, whilſt I attempt your Lordſhips praiſe. I dare make no eſſay on your Lordſhips youthful Bravery and Courage, becauſe ſuch is always guarded with Modeſty, but ſhall venture to preſent you ſome lines on this Subject, which the world will undoubtedly apply to your Lordſhip.

Courage, the higheſt gift, that ſcorns to bend
To mean devices for a ſordid end.
Courage——an independant ſpark from Heaven's bright Throne,
By which the Soul ſtands rais'd, triumphant, high, alone.
Great in it ſelf, not praiſes of the crowd,
Above all vice, it ſtoops not to be proud.

Courage, the mighty attribute of powers above,
By which thoſe great in War, are great in Love.
The ſpring of all brave Acts is ſeated here,
As falſhoods draw their ſordid birth from fear.

The beſt and nobleſt part of mankind pay homage to Royalty, what veneration then is due to thoſe Vertues and Endowments which even engag'd the reſpect of Royalty it ſelf, in the perſon of one of the greateſt Emperours in the World, who choſe your Lordſhip not only as a Companion, but a Conductor.

He wanted the Fire of ſuch a *Britton* to animate his cold *Ruſſians*, and wou'd therefore chooſe you his Leader in War, as in Travel: he knew the Fury of the *Turk* cou'd be only ſtopt by an *Engliſh* Nobleman, as the Power of *France* was by an *English* King. A ſenſe of this greatneſs which might deter others, animates me to Addreſs your Lordſhip; reſolv'd that my firſt Muſe ſhou'd take an high and daring flight, I aſpir'd to your Lordſhips Protection for this trifle, which I muſt own my ſelf now proud of, affording me this opportunity of Humbly declaring my ſelf,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhips

moſt devoted Servant,

G. Farquhar.

PRO-

PROLOGUE:

By *J. H.* ſpoken by Mr. *Powell*, a Servant attending with a Bottle of Wine.

AS ſtubborn Atheiſts, who diſdain'd to pray,
Repent, tho late, upon their dying day,
So in their pangs, moſt Author's rack'd with fears,
Implore your mercy in our ſuppliant pray'rs.
But our new Author has no Cauſe maintained,
Let him not loſe what he has never gained.
Love and a Bottle *are his peaceful arms?*
Ladies, and Gallants, have not theſe ſome Charms.
For Love, all mankind to the Fair muſt ſue,
And Sirs, the Bottle, he preſents to you.
Health to the Play, (drinks.) *e'en let it fairly paſs,*
Sure none ſit here that will refuſe their glaſs.
O there's a damning Soldier——let me think——
He looks as he were ſworn---to what!---to drink. (drinks.
Come on then; foot to foot be boldly ſet,
And our young Author's new Commiſſion wet.
He and his Bottle here attend their doom,
From you the Poets Hellicon *muſt come;*
If he has any foes, to make amends,
He gives his ſervice (drinks) *ſure you now are friends.*
No Critick here will he provoke to fight,
The day be theirs, he only begs his Night;
Pray pledge him now, ſecur'd from all abuſe,
Then name the health you love, let none refuſe,
But each man's Miſtreſs be the Poet's Muſe.

EPI-

EPILOGUE:

Written and Spoke by *Jo. Haynes* in Mourning.

I *Come not here, our Poets Fate to ſee,*
He and his Play may both be damn'd for me.
No; Royal Theatre, I come to Mourn *for* thee.
And muſt theſe Structures then untimely fall
Whilſt the other Houſe ſtands and gets the Devil and all?
Muſt ſtill kind Fortune through all Weathers ſteer 'em?
And Beauties bloom their ſpight of Edax, Rerum.
Vivitur Ingenio, *that damn'd Mot to there* [Looking up at it.
Seduc'd me firſt to be a Wicked Player.
Hard Times, indeed, Oh Tempora! *Oh* Mores!
I knew that Stage muſt down where not one whore is.
But can you have the hearts tho'?—— (pray now ſpeak)
After all our Services to let us break,
You cannot do't unleſs the Devil's in ye,
What Arts, what Merit ha'n't we us'd to win ye?
Firſt to divert ye with ſome new French *ſtrowlers;*
We brought ye Bona Sere's, Barba Colar's. [Mocking the late ſingers.
When their Male Throats no longer drew your Money.
We got ye an Eunuch's Pipe, Seignior Rampony.
That Beardleſs Songſter we cou'd ne're make much on;
The Females found a damn'd Blot in his Scutcheon.
An Italian *now we've got of mighty Fame,*
Don Segiſmondo Fideli.——*There's Muſick in his Name,*
His voice is like the Muſick of the Spheres
It ſhou'd be Heavenly for the Price it bears. [20*l.* a time.
He's a handſome fellow too, look briſks and trim.
If he don't take ye, Then the Devil take him.
Beſides leaſt our white faces always mayn't delight ye;
We've Pickt up Gypſies now to pleaſe or fright ye.
Laſtly to make our Houſe more Courtlier ſhine;
As Travel does the Men of Mode refine,
So our Stage Hero's *did their* Tour *deſign.*

To

To mend their Manners *and course* Engliſh *Feeding,*
They went to Ireland *to improve their* Breeding:
Tet for all this, we ſtill are at a loſs,
Oh Collier! Collier! *Thou'ſt frighted away Miſs* C——s
She to return our Foreigner's Complizance
At Cupid's *call, has made a* Trip *to* France.
Love's Fire Arm's *here are ſince not worth a ſous.*
We've loſt the only Touch-hole *of our* Houſe.
Loſing that Jewel gave us a Fatal blow:
Well, if thin Audience muſt Jo. Haynes *undo,*
Well, if 'tis decreed, Nor can thy Fate, *O Stage*
Reſiſt the Vows of this obdurate Age,
I'll then grow wiſer, leave off Playing the Fool,
And Hire this Play-Houſe for a Boarding-School.
D'ye think the Maids *won't be in a ſweet Condition*
When they are Under Jo. Haynes's *Grave Tuition*
They'll have no occaſion then I'm ſure to Play
They'll have ſuch Comings *in another way.*

Dram-

Drammatis Perſonæ.

Roebuck.	An *Irish* Gentleman, of a wild roving temper; newly come to *London.*	Mr. *Williams.*
Lovewell.	His Friend ſober and modeſt, in Love with *Lucinda.*	Mr. *Mills.*
Mockmode.	A young Squire, come newly from the Univerſity, and ſetting up for a Beau,	Mr. *Bullock.*
Lyrick.	A Poet.	Mr. *Johnſon.*
Phamphlet.	A Bookſeller.	Mr *Haynes.*
Rigadoon.	A Dancing-Maſter.	
Nimblewriſt.	A Fencing-Maſter.	Mr. *Ashton.*
Club.	Servant to *Mockmode.*	Mr. *Pinkethman.*
Brush.	Servant to *Lovewell.*	Mr. *Fairbank.*

WOMEN.

Lucinda.	A Lady of conſiderable Fortune.	Mrs. *Rogers.*
Leanthe	Siſter to *Lovewell*, in love with *Roebuck*, and diſguis'd as *Lucinda*'s Page.	Mrs. *Maria Aliſon.*
Trudge	Whore to *Roebuck.*	Mrs. *Mills.*
Bullfinch.	Landlady to *Mockmode.* *Lyrick*, and *Trudge.*	Mrs. *Powell.*
Pindreſs.	Attendant and Confident to *Lucinda.*	Mrs. *Moor.*

Bailiffs, Beggar, Porter, Maſques, and Attendants.

SCENE *LONDON.*

LOEV

Love and a Bottle.

ACT I. SCENE *Lincolns-Inn-Fields.*

Enter Roebuck *in Riding habit Solus, repeating the following Line.*

THUS *far our Arms have with Succeſs been Crown'd.*——— Heroically ſpoken, faith, of a fellow that has not one farthing in his Pocket. If I have one Penny to buy a Halter withal in my preſent neceſſity, may I be hang'd; tho I'm reduc'd to a fair way of obtaining one methodically very ſoon, if Robbery or Theft will purchaſe the Gallows. But hold—Can't I rob honourably, by turning Soldier?

Enter a Cripple begging.

Crip. One farthing to the poor old Soldier, for the Lord's ſake.

Roeb. Ha!———a glimpſe of Damnation juſt as a Man is entering into ſin, is no great policy of the Devil.——But how long did you bear Arms, friend;

Crip. Five years, an't pleaſe you Sir.

Roeb. And how long has that honourable Crutch born you?

Crip. Fifteen, Sir.

Roeb. Very pretty! Five year a Soldier, and Fifteen a Beggar! —This is Hell right! an age of Damnation for a momentary offence. Thy condition fellow, is preferable to mine; the merciful Bullet, more kind than thy ungrateful Country, has given thee a Debenter in thy broken Leg, from which thou canſt draw a more plentiful maintenance than I from all my Limbs in perfection. Prethee friend, why wouldſt thou beg of me? Doſt think I'm rich?

Crip. No,

Crip. No, Sir, and therefore I believe you charitable. Your warm fellows are ſo far above the ſenſe of our Miſery, that they can't pitty us; and I have always found it, by ſad experience, as needleſs to beg of a rich Man as a Clergyman. Our greateſt Benefactors, the brave Officers are all disbanded, and muſt now turn Beggars like my ſelf; and ſo, Times are very hard, Sir.

Roeb. What, are the Soldiers more charitable than the Clergy.

Crip. Ay, Sir, A Captain will ſay Dam'me, and give me Six-pence; and a Parſon ſhall whine out God bleſs me, and give me not a farthing: Now I think the Officers Bleſſing much the beſt.

Roeb. Are the Beau's never compaſſionate?

Crip. The great full Wigs they wear, ſtop their Ears ſo cloſe, that they can't hear us; and if they ſhou'd, they never have any farthings about 'em.

Roeb. Then I am a Beau, friend; therefore pray leave me. Begging from a generous Soul that has not to beſtow, is more tormenting than Robbery to a Miſer in his abundance. Prethee friend, be thou charitable for once; I beg only the favour which rich friends beſtow, a little Advice. I am as poor as thou art, and am deſigning to turn Soldier.

Crip. No, no, Sir. See what an honourable Poſt I am forc'd to ſtand to, My Rags are ſcarecrows ſufficient to frighten any one from the Field; rather turn bird of prey at home. [*Shewing his Crutch.*

Roeb. Grammercy, old Devil. I find Hell has its Pimps of the poorer ſort, as well as of the wealthy. I fancy, friend, thou haſt got a Cloven-foot inſtead of a broken Leg. 'Tis a hard Caſe, that a Man muſt never expect to go nearer Heav'n than ſome ſteps of a Ladder. But 'tis unavoidable: I have my wants to lead, and the Devil to drive; and if I cann't meet my friend *Lovewell*, (which I think impoſſible, being ſo great a ſtranger in Town) Fortune thou haſt done thy worſt; I proclaim open War againſt thee.

I'll ſtab thy next rich Darling that I ſee;
And killing him, be thus reveng'd on thee.

[*Goes to the back part of the Stage, as into the Walks, making ſome turns croſs the Stage in diſorder, while the next ſpeak.* Exit Beggar.

Enter Lucinda *and* Pindreſs.

Lucin. Oh theſe Summer mornings are ſo delicately fine, *Pindreſs*, it does me good to be abroad.

Pin. Ay, Madam, theſe Summer mornings are as pleaſant to young folks, as the Winter nights to marri'd people, or as your morning of Beauty to Mr. *Lovewell.*

Lucin. I'm violently afraid the Evening of my Beauty will fall to his ſhare very ſoon; for I'm inclinable to marry him. I ſhall ſoon lie under an Eclipſe, *Pindreſs.*

Pin. Then

Pin. Then it muſt be full Moon with your Ladyſhip. But why wou'd you chooſe to marry in Summer, Madam?

Luc. I know no cauſe, but that people are apteſt to run mad in hot weather, unleſs you take a Womans reaſon.

Pin. What's that, Madam?

Luc. Why, I am weary of lying alone.

Pin. Oh dear Madam! lying alone is very dangerous; 'tis apt to breed ſtrange Dreams.

Luc. I had the oddeſt Dream laſt night of my Courtier that is to be, 'Squire *Mockmode*. He appear'd crowded about with a Dancing-Maſter, Puſhing-Maſter, Muſick-Maſter, and all the throng of Beau-makers; and methought he mimick'd Foppery ſo awkwardly, that his imitation was down-right burleſquing it. I burſt out a laughing ſo heartily, that I waken'd my ſelf.

Pin. But Dreams go by contraries, Madam. Have not you ſeen him yet.

Luc. No; but my Unkles Letter gives account that he's newly come to Town from the Univerſity, where his Education could reach no farther than to guzzle fat Ale, ſmoak Tobaco, and chop Logick.—Faugh—it makes me Sick.

Pin. But he's very rich, Madam; his Concerns joyn to yours in the Country.

Luc. Ay, but his Concerns ſhall never joyn to mine in the City: For ſince I have the diſpoſal of my own Fortune, *Loveweil*'s the Man for my Money.

Pin. Ay, and for my Money; for I've have had above twenty Pieces from him ſince his Courtſhip began. He's the prettieſt ſober Gentleman; I have ſo ſtrong an opinion of his modeſty, that I'm afraid, Madam, your firſt Child will be a Fool.

Luc. Oh God forbid! I hope a Lawyer underſtands bus'neſs better than to beget any thing *non compoſ.*——The Walks fill a pace; the Enemy approaches, we muſt ſet out our falſe Colours. [*put on their Masks.*

Pin. We Masks are the pureſt Privateers! Madam, how would you like to Cruiſe about a little?

Luc. Well enough, had we no Enemies but our Fops and Cits: But I dread theſe bluſtring Men of War, the Officers, who after a Broad-ſide of Dam'me's and Sinkme's, are for boarding all Masks they meet, as lawful Prize.

Pin. In truth Madam, and the moſt of 'em are lawful Prize, for they generally have French Ware under Hatches.

Luc. Oh hidious! O' my Conſcience Girl thou'at quite ſpoild. An Actres upon the Stage would bluſh at ſuch expreſſions.

Pin. Ay Madam, and your Ladyſhip wou'd ſeem to bluſh in the Box, when the redneſs of your face proceeded from nothing but the conſtraint of holding your Laughter. Did you chide me for not putting a ſtronger Lace in your Stays, when you had broke one as ſtrong as a

Hempen Cord, with containing a violent Tihee at a ſmutty Jeſt in the laſt Play.

Luc. Go, go, thou'rt a naughty Girl; thy impertinent Chat has diverted us from our bus'neſs. I'm afraid *Lovewell* has miſs'd us for want of the Sign.— But whom have we here? an odd figure! ſome Gentleman in diſguiſe, I believe.

Pin. Had he a finer Suit on, I ſhou'd believe him in diſguiſe; for I fancy his friends have only known him by that this Twelve-month.

Luc. His Mien and Air ſhew him a Gentleman, and his Cloaths demonſtrate him a Wit. He may afford us ſome ſport. I have a Female inclination to talk to him.

Pin. Hold, Madam, he looks as like one of thoſe dangerous Men of War you juſt now mention'd as can be; you had beſt ſend out your Pinnace before to diſcover the Enemy.

Luc. No, I'll hale him my ſelf. [*Moves towards him.*
What, Sir, dreaming? [*Slaps him o'th' Sholder with her Fan.*

Roeb. Yes, Madam. [*Sullenly*

Luc. Of what?

Roeb. Of the Devil, and now my Dream's out.

Luc. What! do you Dream ſtanding?

Roeb. Yes faith, Lady, very often when my ſleep's haunted by ſuch pretty Goblins as you. You are a ſort of Dream I wou'd fain be reading: I'm a very good interpreter Indeed, Madam.

Luc. Are you then one of the Wiſe Men of the Eaſt?

Roeb. No, Madam; but one of the Fools of the Weſt.

Luc. Pray what do you mean by that?

Roeb. An Iriſh-man, Madam, at your Service.

Luc. Oh horrible! an Iriſh-man! a meer Wolf-Dog, I proteſt.

Roeb. Ben't ſurpriz'd Child; the Wolf-Dog is as well natur'd an Animal as any of your Country Bull-Dogs, and a much more fawning Creature, let me tell ye. [*Lays hold on her*

Luc. Pray good *Cæſar*, keep off your Paws; no ſcarping acquaintance, for Heaven's ſake. Tell us ſome news of your Country; I have heard the ſtrangeſt Stories,— that the people wear Horns and Hoofs.

Roeb. Yes, faith, a great many wear Horns: but we had that among other laudable faſhions, from *London*. I think it came over with your mode of wearing high Topknots; for ever ſince, the Men and Wives bear their heads exalted alike. They were both faſhions that took wonderfully.

Luc. Then you have Ladies among you?

Roeb. Yes, yes, we have Ladies, and Whores; Colleges, and Playhouſes; Churches, and Taverns; fine Houſes, and Bawdy-houſes; in ſhort, every thing that you can boaſt of, but Fops, Poets, Toads and Adders.

Luc. But have you no Beau's at all?

Roeb. Yes, they come over, like the Woodcoks, once a year.

Luc. And have your Ladies no Springes to catch 'em in?

Roeb. No,

Roeb. No, Madam; our own Country affords us much better Wild-fowl. But they are generally ſtripp'd of their feathers by the Playhouſe and Taverns; in both which they pretend to be Criticks; and our ignorant Nation imagines a full Wig as infallible a token of a Wit as the Lawrel.

Luc. Oh Lard! and here 'tis the certain ſign of a Blockhead. But why no Poets in *Ireland*, Sir!

Roeb. Faith, Madam, I know not, unleſs St. *Patrick* ſent them a packing with other venomous Creatures out of *Ireland*. Nothing that carries a Sting in its Tongue can live there. But ſince I have deſcribed my Country, let me know a little of *England*, by a ſight of your Face.

Luc. Come you to particulars firſt. Pray, Sir, unmaſque, by telling who you are; and then I'll unmaſque, and ſhew who I am.

Roeb. You muſt diſmiſs your attendant then, Madam; for the diſtinguiſhing particular of me is a Secret.

Pin. Sir, I can keep a Secret as well as my Miſtreſs; and the greater the ſecrets are, I love 'em the better.

Luc. Can't they be whiſper'd, Sir?

Roeb. Oh yes, Madam, I can give you a hint, by which you may underſtand 'em—— [*Pretends to whiſper, and kiſſes her.*

Luc. Sir, you're Impudent——

Roeb. Nay, Madam, ſince you're ſo good at minding folks, have with you. [*Catches her faſt, carrying her off.*

Luc. } Help! help! help!
Pin. }

Enter Lovewell.

Love. Villain, unhand the Lady, and defend thy ſelf. [*Draws.*

Roeb. What! Knight-Errants in this Country! Now has the Devil very opportunely ſent me a Throat to cut; Pray Heaven his Pockets be well lin'd.—— [*Quits 'em, they go off.*

Have at thee—St. *George* for *England*.— [*They fight, after ſome paſſes,*
My Friend *Lovewell*? Roeb. *ſtarts back and pauſes.*

Love. My dear *Roebuck*! [*Fling down their Swords and embrace.*
Shall I believe my eyes?

Roeb. You may believe your ears; 'Tis I be gad,

Love. Why thy being in *London* is ſuch a myſtery, that I muſt have the evidence of more ſenſes than one to confirm me of its truth.—But pray unfold the Riddle.

Roeb. Why Faith 'tis a Riddle. You wonder at it before the Explanation, then wonder more at your ſelf for not gueſſing it.—What is the Univerſal cauſe of the continued Evils of mankind?

Love.

Love. The Universal cause of our continu'd evil is the Devil sure.

Roeb. No, 'tis the Flesh, *Ned.*—That very Woman that drove us all out of Paradise, has sent me a packing out of *Ireland.*

Love. How so?

Roeb. Only tasting the forbidden Fruit: that was all.

Love. Is simple Fornication become so great a Crime there, as to be punishable by no less than Banishment?

Roeb. I gad, mine was double Fornication, *Ned*—The Jade was so pregnant to bear Twins; the fruit grew in Clusters; and my unconscionable Father, because I was a Rogue in Debauching her, wou'd make me a fool by Wedding her: But I wou'd not marry a Whore, and he would not own a disobedient Son, and so——

Love. But was she a Gentlewoman?

Roeb. Pshaw! No, she had no Fortune. She wore indeed a Silk Manteau and High-Head; but these are grown as little signs of Gentility now a-days, as that is of Chastity.

Love. But what necessity forc'd you to leave the Kingdom?

Roeb. I'll tell you.—To shun th' insulting Authority of an incens'd Father, the dull and often-repeated advice of impertinent Relations, the continual clamours of a furious Woman, and the shrill bawling of an ill natur'd Bastard.—From all which, Good Lord deliver me.

Love. And so you left them to Grand Dada!—Ha, ha, ha.

Roeb. Heaven was pleased to lessen my affliction, by taking away the she Brat; but the t'other is, I hope, well, because a brave Boy, whom I christen'd *Edward*, after thee, *Lovewell*; I made bold to make my man stand for you, and your Sister sent her Maid to give her name to my Daughter.

Love. Now you talk of my Sister, pray how does she?

Roeb. Dear *Lovewell*, a very Miracle of Beauty and Goodness.——But I don't like her.

Love. Why?

Roeb. She's Virtuous;—and I think Beauty and Virtue are as ill joyned as Lewdness and Uglineſs.

Love. But I hope your Arguments could not make her a Proselyte to this Profession.

Roeb. Faith I endeavour'd it; but that Plaguy Honour—Damn it for a whim—Were it as honourable for Women to be Whores, as men to be Whore-masters, we shou'd have Lewdness as great a Mark of Quality among the Ladies, as 'tis now among the Lords.

Love. What! do you hold no innate Principle of Vertue in Women?

Roeb. I hold an innate principle of Love in them: Their Passions are as great as ours, their Reason weaker. We admire them and consequently they must us. And I tell thee once more, That had Women no safe guard but your innate Principle of Vertue, honest *George*

Roebuck

Roebuck wou'd have lain with your Siſter, *Ned*, and ſhou'd enjoy a Counteſs before night.

Lov. But methinks, *George*, 'twas not fair to tempt my Siſter.

Roeb. Methinks 'twas not fair of thy Siſter, *Ned*, to tempt me. As ſhe was thy Siſter, I had no deſign upon her: but as ſhe's a pretty Woman, I could ſcarcely forbear her, were ſhe my own.

Love. But, upon ſerious reflection, Cou'd not you have liv'd better at home, by turning thy Whore into a Wife, than hear by turning other Mens Wives into Whores? There are Merchants Ladies in *London*, and you muſt trade with them, for ought I ſee.

Roeb. Ay, but is the Trade open? Is the Manufacture incourag'd, old Boy?

Lov. Oh, wonderfully!—a great many poor people live by't. Tho the Husbands are for engroſſing the Trade, the Wives are altogether for encouraging Interlopers. But I hope you have brought ſome ſmall Stock to ſet up with.

Roeb. The greatneſs of my wants, which wou'd force me to diſcover 'em, makes me bluſh to own 'em. [*Aſide.*] Why faith, *Ned*, I had a great Journey from *Ireland* hither, and wou'd burden my ſelf with no more than juſt neceſſary Charges.

Lov. Oh, then you have brought Bills?

Roeb. No, faith. Exchange of Money from *Dublin* hither is ſo unreaſonable high, that——

Lov. What?

Roeb. That—— Zoons I have not one farthing. — Now you underſtand me?

Lov. No faith, I never underſtand one that comes in *formâ pauperis*; I han't ſtudy'd the Law ſo long for nothing.—But what proſpect can you propoſe of a ſupply?

Roeb. I'll tell you. When you appear'd, I was juſt thanking my Stars for ſending me a Throat to cut, and conſequently a Purſe: But my knowledge of you prevented me of that way, and therefore I think you're oblig'd in return to aſſiſt me by ſome better means. You were once an honeſt Fellow; but ſo long ſtudy in the Inns may alter a Man ſtrangely, as you ſay.

Lov. No, dear *Roebuck*, I'm ſtill a friend to thy Vertues, and eſteem thy Follies as Foils only to ſet them off. I did but rally you; and to convince you, here are ſome Pieces, ſhare of what I have about me; Take them as earneſt of my farther ſupply; you know my Eſtate ſufficient to maintain us both, if you will either reſtrain your Extravagancies, or I retrench my Neceſſaries.

Roeb. Thy profeſſion of kindneſs is ſo great, that I cou'd almoſt ſuſpect it of deſign.— But come, Friend, I am heartily tir'd with the fatigue of my Journey, beſides a violent Fit of Sickneſs, which detain'd me a Month at *Coventry*, to the exhauſting my Health and Money

ney. Let me only recruit by a reliſh of the Town in Love and a Bottle, and then —— (*As they are going off*, Roebuck *ſtarts back ſurpriz'd.*

Oh Heav'ns! and Earth!

Lov. What's the matter, Man?

Roeb. Why! Death and the Devil; or, what's worſe, a Woman and a Child.—— Oons! don't you ſee Mrs. *Trudge* with my Baſtard in her Arms croſſing the field towards us? — Oh the indefatigable Whore to follow me all the way to *London*!

Lov. Mrs. *Trudge*! my old acquaintance!

Roeb. Ay, ay, the very ſame; your old acquaintance; and for ought I know, you might have clubb'd about getting the Brats.

Love. 'Tis but reaſonable then I ſhou'd pay ſhare at the Reckoning. I'll help to provide for her; in the mean time, you had beſt retire.—*Bruſh*, conduct this Gentlemen to my Lodgings, and run from thence to Widow *Bullfinch*'s, and provide a Lodging with her for a Friend of mine.—Fly, and come back preſently.— [*Ex.* Roeb. *and* Bruſh.

——So; my Friend comes to Town like the Great *Turk* to the Field, attended by his Concubines and Children; and I'm afraid theſe are but parts of his Retinue.—But hold—I ſhan't be able to ſuſtain the ſhock of this Womans Fury. I'll withdraw till ſhe has diſcharged her firſt Volley, then ſurprize her.

Eter Trudge, *with a Child crying.*

Huſh, huſh, huſh.—And indeed it was a young Traveller.—And what wou'd it ſay? It ſays that Daddy is a falſe Man, a cruel Man, and an ungrateful Man.—In troth ſo he is, my dear Child.——What ſhall I do with it, poor Creature?—Huſh, huſh, huſh.—Was ever poor Woman in ſuch a lamentable condition? immediately after the pains of one Travel to undergo the fatigues of another?—But I'm ſure he can never do well; for tho I can't find him, my curſes, and the miſery of this Babe, will certainly reach him.

Love. Methinks I ſhou'd know that voice.—— [*moving forward.*

What! Mrs. *Trudge*! and in *London*! whoſe brave Boy haſt thou got there?

Trud. Oh Lord! Mr. *Lovewell*! I'm very glad to ſee you,—and yet am aſham'd to ſee you. But indeed he promis'd to marry me, [*Crying.*] and you know, Mr. *Lovewell*, that he's ſuch a handſome Man, and has ſo many ways of inſinuating, that the frailty of Woman's Nature could not reſiſt him.

Love. What's all this?—A handſome Man? Ways of inſinuating? Frailty of Nature?—I don't underſtand theſe ambiguous terms.

Trud. Ah, Mr. *Lovewell*! I'm ſure you have ſeen Mr. *Roebuck*, and I'm ſure 'twou'd be the firſt thing he wou'd tell you. I refer it to you, Mr. *Lovewell*, if he is not an ungrateful man, to deal ſo barbarouſly

rouſly with any Woman that had us'd him ſo civily. I was kinder to him than I would have been to my own born Brother.

Lov. Oh then I find kiſſing goes by favour, Mrs. *Trudge.*

Trud. Faith you're all alike, you men are alike.—Poor Child! he's as like his own Dadda, as if he were ſpit out of his mouth. See, Mr. *Lovewell*, if he has not Mr. *Roebuck*'s Noſe to a hair; and you know he has a very good Noſe; and the little Pigſnye has Mamma's Mouth. - Oh the little Lips!—and 'tis the beſt natur'd little dear——[*Smuggles and kiſſes it.*] - And wou'd it ask its God-Father Bleſſing?—Indeed, Mr. *Lovewell*, I believe the Child knows you.

Love. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I will give it my Bleſſing. [*Gives it Gold.*

(*As he gives her the Gold, enter* Lucinda *and* Pindreſs, *who ſeeing them ſtand, abſcond.*

Come, Madam, I'll firſt ſettle you in a Lodging and then find the falſe Man, as you call him.— (*Exit* Love.

Lucinda *and* Pindreſs *come forward.*

Luc. The falſe man is found already.—Was there ever ſuch a lucky diſcovery?—My care for his preſervation brought me back, and now behold how my kindneſs is return'd!——Their Fighting was a downright trick to frighten me from the place, thereby to afford him opportunity of entertaining his Whore and Brat.

Pin. Your conjecture, Madam, bears a colour; for looking back, I could perceive 'em talking very familiarly; ſo that they cou'd not be ſtrangers as their pretended Quarrel would intimate.

Luc. 'Tis all true as he is falſe.—What! ſlighted! deſpis'd! my honourable Love truck'd for a Whore! Oh Villain! Epitome of thy Sex!—But I'll be reveng'd. I'll marry the firſt man that asks me the Queſtion; nay, though he be a disbanded Soldier, or a poor Poet, or a ſenſeleſs Fop; Nay tho' Impotent I'll Marry him.

Pin. Oh Madam! that's to be reveng'd on your ſelf.

Luc. I care not, Fool! I deſerve puniſhment for my Credulity, as much as he for his Falſhood And you deſerve it too, Minx; your perſwaſions drew me to this Aſſignation: I never lov'd the falſe man.

Pin. That's falſe, I'm ſure. (*Aſide.*

Luc. But you thought to get another piece of Gold. We ſhall have him giving you Money on the ſame ſcore he was ſo liberal to his Whore juſt now. (*Walks about in Paſſion.*

Enter Lovewell.

Love. So much for Friendſhip—now for my Love.—I han't transgreſſed much.—Oh, there ſhe is.—Oh my Angel! (*runs to her.*

Luc. Oh thou Devil!——— [*Starts back.*

Lov. Not unleſs you damn me, Madam.

Luc. You're damn'd already; you're a Man.

(*Exit puſhing* Pindreſs.

Lov. You're a Woman, I'll be ſworn.—Hey day! what giddy Female Planet rules now! By the Lord, theſe Women are like their Maidenheads, no ſooner found than loſt.—Here, *Bruſh*, run after *Pindreſs*, and know the occaſion of this.—[Bruſh *runs.*]—Stay, come back—Zoons, I'm a fool.

Bruſh. That's the firſt wiſe word you have ſpoke theſe two months.

Love. Trouble me with your untimely Jeſts, Sirrah, and I'll. ———

Bruſh. Your Pardon, Sir; I'm in down-right earneſt.—'Tis leſs Slavery to be Apprentice to a famous Clap-Surgeon, than to a Lover. He falls out with me, becauſe he can't fall in with his Miſtreſs. I can bear it no longer.

Love. Sarrah, what are you mumbling?

Bruſh. A ſhort Prayer before I depart, Sir.——I have been theſe three years your Servant, but now, Sir, I'm your humble Servant.

(*Bows as going.*

Love. Hold, you ſhan't leave me.

Bruſh. Sir, you can't be my Maſter.

Love. Why ſo?

Bruſh. Becauſe you're not your own Maſter; yet one would think you might, for you have loſt your Miſtreſs. Oons, Sir, let her go, and a fair riddance. Who throws away a Teſter and a Miſtreſs, loſes ſix-pence. That little Pimping *Cupid* is a blind Gunner. Had he ſhot as many Darts as I have carry'd *Billets deux*, he wou'd have laid her kicking with her heels up e're now. In ſhort, Sir, my Patience is worn to the ſtumps with attending; my Shoes and Stockings are upon their laſt Legs with trudging between you. I have ſweat out all my moiſture of my hand with palming your clammy Letters upon her. I have———

Love. Hold, Sir, your trouble is now at an end, for I deſign to marry her.

Bruſh. And have you courted her theſe three years for nothing but a Wife?

Love. Do you think, Raskal, I won'd have taken ſo much pains to make her a Miſs?

Bruſh. No, Sir; the tenth part on't wou'd ha' done.—But if you are reſolv'd to marry, God b'w'ye.

Love. What's the matter now, Sirrah!

Bruſh. Why, the matter will be, that I muſt then Pimp for her.——Hark ye, Sir, what have you been doing all this while, but teaching her the way to Cuckold ye?——Take care, Sir; look before you leap.

leap. You have a tickliſh point to manage.—Can you tell, Sir, what's her quarel to you now?

Lov. I can't imagine. I don't remember that ever I offended her.

Bruſh. That's it Sir. She reſolves to put your eaſineſs to the Teſt now, that ſhe may with more ſecurity rely upon t hereafter.—Always ſuſpect thoſe Women of Deſigns that are for ſearching into the humours of their Courtiers; for they certainly intend to try them when they're marry'd.

Lov. How cam'ſt thou ſuch an Engineer in Love?

Bruſh. I have ſprung ſome Mines in my time, Sir; and ſince I have trug'd ſo long about your amorous Meſſages, I have more Intrigue in the ſole of my feet, than ſome Blockheades in their whole Body.

Lov. Sirrah, have you ever diſcover'd any behaviour in this Lady, to occaſion this ſuſpicious diſcourſe?

Bruſh. Sir, has this Lady ever diſcover'd any behaviour of yours to occaſion this ſuſpicious quarrel? I believe the Lady has as much of the innate Principle of Vertue (as the Gentleman ſaid) as any Woman: But that Baggage her Attendant is about raviſhing her Ladies Page every hour. 'Tis an old ſaying, Like Maſter, like Man; why not as well, like Miſtreſs, like Maid?

Lov. Since thou art for trying humours, have with you Madam *Lucinda.* Beſides, ſo fair an opportu ity offers, that Fate ſeem'd to deſign it.—— Have you left the Gentleman at my Lodgings?

Bruſh. Yes, Sir, and ſent a Porter to his Inn to bring his thing thither.

Lov. That's right—Love like other Diſeaſes, muſt ſometimes have a deſperate Cure. The Shool of Venus impoſes the ſtrict Diſcipline; And awful *Cupid* is a chaſtning God;
He whips ſeverely.

Bruſh. No, not if we kiſs the Rod. (*Exeunt.*

The End of the Firſt ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE *Lovewell's Lodgings.*

Enter Lovewell, Roebuck *dreſſ'd, and* Bruſh.

Lov. O' my Conſcience the fawning Creature loves you.

Roeb. Ay, the conſtant effects of debauching a Woman are, that ſhe infallibly loves the Man for doing the buſineſs, and he certainly hates her. ——But what Company is ſhe like to have at this ſame Widows, *Bruſh*?

Bruſh. Oh the beſt of Company, Sir; a Poet lives there, Sir.

Roeb. They're the worſt Company, for they're ill natur'd.

Bruſh. Ay, Sir, but it does no body any harm; for theſe fellows that get Bread by their Wits, are always forc'd to eat their words. They muſt be good natur'd, 'ſpight of their Teeth, Sir. 'Tis ſaid he pays his Lodging by cracking ſome ſmutty Jeſts with his Landlady overnight; for ſhe's very well pleas'd with his natural parts. [*While* Roeb. *and* Bruſh *talk*, Lovewell *ſeems to project ſomething by himſelf.*

Roeb. What other Lodgers are there?

Bruſh. One newly entr'd, a young Squire, juſt come from the Univerſity.

Roeb. A meer Perigatetick I warrant him.—A very pretty Family. A Heathen Philoſopher, an Engliſh Poet, and an Iriſh Whore. Had the Landlady but a *Highland* Piper to joyn with 'em, ſhe might ſet up for a Collection of Monſters.—— Any body within. [*Slaps* Lovewell *on the Sholder.*

Lov. Yes, you are, my Friend. All my thoughts were employ'd about you. In ſhort, I have one requeſt to make, That you would renounce your looſe wild Courſes, and lead a ſober life, as I do.

Roeb. That I will, if you'll grant me a Boon.

Lov. You ſhall have it, be't what it will.

Roeb. That you wou'd relinquiſh your preciſe ſober behaviour, and live like a Gentleman as I do.

Lov. That I can't grant.

Roeb. Then we're off; Tho ſhou'd your Women prove no better than your Wine, my Debaucheries will fall of themſelvss, for want of Temptation.

Lov. Our

Lov. Our Women are worſe than our Wine; our Claret has but little of the *French* in't, but our Wenches have the Devil and all: They are both adulterated, To prevent the inconveniencies of which, I'll provide you an honourable Miſtreſs.

Roeb. An honourable Miſtreſs! what's that?

Roeb. A vertuous Lady, whom you muſt Love and Court; the ſureſt method of reclaiming you. — As thus. — Thoſe ſuperfluous Pieces you throw away in Wine may be laid out.———

Roeb. To the Poor?

Lov. No, no. In Sweet Powder, Cravats, Garters, Snuff-boxes, Ribbons, Coach-hire, and Chair-hire. Thoſe idle hours which you miſpend with lewd ſophiſticated Wenches, muſt be dedicated———

Roeb. To the Church?

Lov. No, To the innocent and charming Converſation of your vertuous Miſtreſs; by which means, the two moſt exorbitant Debaucheries, Drinking and Whoring will be retrench'd.

Roeb. A very fine Retrenchment truly! I muſt firſt deſpiſe the honeſt jolly Converſation at the Tavern, for the foppiſh, affected, dull, inſipid Entertainment at the Chocolate-houſe; muſt quit my freedom with ingenious Company, to harneſs my ſelf to Foppery among the fluttering Crowd of Cupid's Livery-boys.——— The ſecond Article is, That I muſt reſign the Company of lewd Women for that of my Innocent Miſtreſs; That is, I muſt change my eaſie natural ſin of Wenching, to that conſtrain'd Debauchery of Lying and Swearing. — The many Lyes and Oaths that I made to thy Siſter, will go nearer to damn me, than if I had enjoy'd her a hundred times over.

Lov. Oh *Roebuck*! your Reaſon will maintain the contrary, when you're in Love.

Roeb. That is, when I have loſt my Reaſon, Come, come; a Wench a Wench! a ſoft, white, eaſy, conſenting Creature! — Prithee *Ned* leave Muſteneſs, and ſhew me the Varities of the Town.

Lov. A Wench is the leaſt Variety — Look out — See what a numerous Train trip along the ſtreet there ——— [*pointing outwards.*

Roeb. Oh *Venus!* all theſe fine ſtately Creatures!

Fair you well, *Ned.*——— [*Runs out*; Lovew. *catches him, and pulls him back.*

Prithee let me go: 'Tis a deed of Charity; I'm quite ſtarv'd. I'll juſt take a ſnap, and be with you in the twinkling. — As you're my friend. — I muſt go.

Lov. Then we muſt break for altogether? — [*Quits him.*] — He that will leave his friend for a Whore, I reckon a Commoner in Friendſhip as in Love.

Roeb. If you ſaw how ill that ſerious face becomes a Fellow of your years, you wou'd never wear it again. Youth is taking in any Maſqurade but Gravity.

Lov. Tho

Lov. Tho Lewdneſs ſuits much worſe with your Circumſtances, Sir.

Roeb. Ay theſe Circumſtances. Damn theſe Circumſtances.—There he has Hamſtring'd me. This Poverty! how it makes a Man ſneak!—Well prithee let's know this Deviliſh Vertuous Lady. By the Circumſtances of my Body I ſhall ſoon be off or on with her.

Lov. Know then, for thy utter Condemnation, that ſhe's a Lady of Eighteen, Beatiful, Witty, and nicely Vertuous.

Roeb. A Lady of Eighteen! Good.—Beautiful! Better.—Witty!—Beſt of all ——Now with theſe three Qualifications, if ſhe be nicely Vertuous, then I'll henceforth adore every thing that wears a Petycoat.——Witty and Vertuous! ha, ha, ha. Why, 'tis as inconſiſtant in Ladies as Gentlemen; And were I to debauch one for a Wager, her Wit ſhou'd be my Bawd.——Come, come; the forbidden Fruit was pluck'd from the Tree of Knowledge, Boy.

Lov. Right.—But there was a cunninger Devil than you, to tempt.—I'll aſſure you *George*, your Rhetorick wou'd fail you here; ſhe wou'd worſt you at your own Weapons.

Roeb. Ay, or any Man in *England*, if ſhe be Eighteen as you ſay:

Lov. Have a care, friend, this Satyr will get you torn in pieces by the Females; you'll fall into *Orpheus*'s fate.

Roeb. Orpheus was a blockhead, and deſerv'd his fate.

Lov. Why?

Roeb. Becauſe he went to Hell for a Wife.

Lov. This happens right.—(*Aſide.*)—But you ſhall go to Heav'n for a Miſtreſs, you ſhall Court this Divine Creature.—I don't deſire you to fall in Love with her; I don't intend you ſhou'd marry her nither: but you muſt be convinc'd of the Chaſtity of the Sex; Tho, if you ſhou'd conquer her, the Spoil, you Rogue, will be glorious, and infinitely worth the pains in attaining.

Roeb. Ay, but *Ned*, my Circumſtances, my Circumſtances.——

Lov. Come, you ſhan't want Money.

Roeb. Then I dare attempt it. Money is the Sinews of Love, as of War. Gad friend, thou't the braveſt Pimp I ever heard of.——Well, give me directions to ſail by, the name of my Port, laden my Pockets, and then for the Cape of Good Hope.

Lov. You need no directions as to the manner of Courtſhip.

Roeb. No; I have ſeen ſome few Principles, on which my Courtſhip's founded, which ſeldom fail. To let a Lady rely upon my modeſty, but to depend my ſelf altogether upon my Impudence; To uſe a Miſtreſs like a Deity in publick, but like a Woman in private: To be as cautious then of asking an Impertinent queſtion, as afterwards of telling a ſtory; remembring, that the Tongue is the only Member that can hurt a Ladies Honour, tho touch'd in the tender'ſt part.

Lov. Oh

Lov. Oh, but to a Friend, *George*; you'll tell a Friend your ſucceſs?

Roeb. No, not to her very ſelf; it muſt be as private as Devotion.—No blabbing, unleſs a ſqualawling Brat peeps out to tell Tales.—But where lies my Courſe?

Lov. Bruſh ſhall ſhew you the houſe; the Ladies name is *Lucinda*; her Father and Mother dead; ſhe's Heireſs to Twelve hundred a year: But above all, obſerve this: She has a Page which you muſt get on your ſide; 'Tis a very pretty Boy; I preſented him to the Lady about a fortnight a-go; he's your Country-man too; he brought me a Letter from my Siſter, which I have about me.—— Here you may read it.

Roeb. Ay, 'tis her hand; I know it well; and I almoſt bluſh to ſee it. (*Aſide.*

[*Reads*] Dear Brother,

A *Lady of my acquaintance lately dying, begg'd me, as her laſt requeſt, to provide for this Boy, who was her Page. I hope I have obeyed my Friend's laſt Command, and oblig'd a Brother, by ſending him to you. Pray diſpoſe of him as much as you can for his advantage. All friends are well, and I am*

Your affectionate Siſter, *Leanthe.*

(*While he reads,* Lovewell *talks to* Bruſh, *and gives him ſome directions ſeemingly.*

All friends are well? Is that all? not a word of poor *Roebuck.*—— I wonder ſhe mention'd nothing of my misfortunes to her Brother. But ſhe has forgot me already. True Woman ſtill.——Well, I may excuſe her, for I'm making all the haſte I can to forget her.

Lov. Be ſure you have an eye upon him, and come to me preſently at Widow *Bulfinch's*——(*To* Bruſh.)——Well, *George*, you won't communicate your ſucceſs? (*Aſide.*

Roeb. You may gueſs what you pleaſe.——I'm as merry after a Miſtreſs as after a Bottle.——All Air; brimfull of Joy, like a Bumper of Claret, ſmiling and ſparkling.

Lov. Then you'll certainly run over.

Roeb. No, no; nor ſhall I drink to any body.—— (*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE changes to a Dining Room in Widow Bulfinches *houſe, A Flute a, Muſick-book on the Table; a Caſe of Toyes hanging up.—Enter* Rigadoon *the Dancing-Maſter, leading in* Mockmode *by both hands, as teaching him the Minuet; he ſings, and* Mockmode *dances awkwardly;* Club *follows.*

Rig. Tal—— dal——deral——One——Two.——Tal——dal——deral——Coupé——Tal——dal——deral——Very well——Tal——

Tal —— dal —— deral —— Wrong. —— Tal —— dal —— deral Toes out —— Tal — dal —— deral —— Obſerve Time: —— Very well indeed, Sir; you ſhall dance as well as any Man in *England*; you have an excellent diſpoſition in your Limbs, Sir: —— Obſerve me, Sir.

(*Here the Maſter dances a new Minuet; and at every Cut* Club *makes an awkward imitation, by leaping up.*

And ſo forth, Sir.

Mock. I'm afraid we ſhall diſturb my Landlady.

Rig. Landlady! you muſt have a care of that; ſhe'll never pardon you.—— Landlady!—Every Woman, from a Counteſs to a Kitchen-Wench, is *Madam*; and every Man, from a Lord to a Lacquey, *Sir.*

Mock. Muſt I then loſe my Title of 'Squire, 'Siquire *Mockmode*?

Rig. By all means, Sir; 'Squire and Fool are the ſame thing here.

Mock. That's very Comical, faith!—But is there an Act of Parliament for that, Mr. *Rigadoon*?—Well, ſince I can't be a 'Squire, I'll do as well: I have a great Eſtate, and want only to be a great Beau, to qualifie me either for a Knight or a Lord. By the Univerſe, I have a great mind to bind my ſelf 'Prentice to a Beau. —— Cou'd I but dance well, puſh well, play upon the Flute, and ſwear the moſt modiſh Oaths, I wou'd ſet up for Quality with e're a young Nobleman of 'em all.—Pray what are the moſt faſhionable Oaths in Town? *Zoons*, I take it, is a very becoming one.

Rig. Zoons is only us'd by the disbanded Officers and Bullies: but Zauns is the Beaux pronuncation.

Mock. Zauns ——

Club. Zauns ——

Rig. Yes, Sir, we ſwear as we Dance; ſmooth, and with a Cadence.—Zauns!— 'Tis harmonious, and pleaſes the Ladies, becauſe 'tis ſoft. —— Zauns, Madam.—is the only Compliment our great Beaux paſs on a Lady.

Mock. But ſuppoſe a Lady ſpeaks to me? what muſt I ſay?

Rig. Nothing, Sir.—you muſt take Snuſh, Grin, and make her an humble Cringe— Thus: [*He bows Foppiſhly, and takes Snuſh;* Mockmode *imitates him awkwardly; and taking Snuſh, ſneezes.*

Rig. O Lard, Sir, you muſt never ſneeze; 'tis as unbecoming after Orangere, as Grace after Meat.

Mock. I thought People took it to clear the Brain.

Rig. The Beaux have no Brains at all, Sir; their Skull is a perfect Snuſh-box; and I heard a Phyſician ſwear, who open'd one of 'em, that the three diviſions of his head were filled with *Orangere*, *Bourgamot*, and Plain-Spaniſh.

Mock

Mock. Zauns I muſt ſneeze— [*Sneezes*]——— Bleſs me.

Rig. Of fie, Mr. *Mockmode!* what a ruſtical expreſſion that is.— Bleſs me! —you ſhou'd upon all ſuch occaſions cry, Dem me. You wou'd be as nauſeous to the Ladies, as one of the old Patriarks, if you us'd that obſolete expreſſion.

Club. I find that going to the Devil is very modiſh in this Town— Pray, Maſter, Dancing-Maſter, what Religion may theſe Beaux be of?

Rig. A ſort of *Indians* in their Religion, They worſhip the firſt thing they ſee in the Morning.

Mock. What's that Sir?

Rig. Their own ſhadows in the Glaſs; and ſome of 'em ſuch helliſh Faces, that may frighten 'em into Devotion.

Mock. Then they are *Indians* right, for they worſhip the Devil.

Rig. Then you ſhall be as great a Beau as any of 'em. But you muſt be ſure to mind your Dancing.

Mock. Is not Muſick very convenient too?—I can play the Bells and *Maiden Fair* already. *Alamire, Bifabemi, Ceſolfa, Delaſol, Ela, Effaut, Geſolreut.* I have 'em all by heart already. But I have been plaguily puzzl'd about the Etymology of theſe Notes; and certainly a Man cannot arrive at any perfection, unleſs he underſtands the derivation of the Terms.

Rig. O Lard, Sir! That's eaſie. *Effaut* and *Geſolreut* were two famous *German* Muſicians, and the reſt were *Italians.*

Mock. But why are they only Seven?

Rig. From a prodigious great Baſs-Vial with ſeven Strings, that play'd a Jig call'd the *Muſick of the Spheres:* The ſeven Planets were nothing but Fiddle-ſtrings.

Mock. Then your Stars have made you a Dancing-maſter?

Rig. O Lard, Sir! *Pythagoras* was a Dancing-maſter; he ſhews the Creation to be a Country-Dance, where after ſome antick Changes, all the parts fell into their places, and there they ſtand ready, till the next ſqueak of a Philoſopher's Fiddle ſets 'em a Dancing again.

Club. Sir, here comes the puſhing Maſter.

Rig. Then I'll be gone. But you muſt have a care of Puſhing, 'twill ſpoil the niceneſs of your ſteps. Learn a flouriſh or two; and that's all a Beau can have occaſion for.

Enter Nimblewriſt.

Mock. Oh, Mr. *Nimblewriſt*, I crave you ten thouſand pardons, by the Univerſe.

Nimb. That was a home thruſt. Good Sir. I hope ya're for a breathing this Morning. [*Takes down a Foyl.*]—I'll aſſure you, Mr. *Mockmode*, you will make an excellent Swords Man; y're as well ſhap'd for Fencing as any Man in *Europe.* The Duke of *Burgundy* is juſt of your Make;

he puſhes the fineſt of any Man in *France*.——Sa, ſa——like Lightning.

Mock. I'm much in Love with Fencing: But I think Back-Sword is the beſt play.

Nimb. Oh Lard Sir!—Have you ever been in *France*, Sir?

Mock. No, Sir; but I underſtand the Geography of it.——*France* is bounded on the North with the *Rhine*.

Nimb. No, Sir, a *Frenchman* is bounded on the North with Quart, on the South with Tierce, and ſo forth. 'Tis a Noble Art, Sir; and every one that wears a Sword is oblig'd by his Tenure to learn. The Rules of Honour are engrav'd on my-Hilt, and my Blade muſt maintain 'em: My Sword's my Herauld, and the bloody Hand my Coat of Arms.

Mock. And how long have you profeſs'd this Noble Art, Sir?

Nimb. Truly, Sir, I ſerv'd an Apprenticeſhip to this Trade, Sir.

Mock. What are ye a Corporation then?

Nimb. Yes, Sir; the Surgeons have taken us into their's, becauſe we make ſo much work for 'em.—But, as I was telling you, Sir, I profeſs'd this Science till the Wars broke out: But then, when every body got Commiſſions, I put in for one, ſerv'd the Campaigns in *Flanders*; and when the Peace broke out, was disbanded; ſo among a great many other poor Rogues, am forc'd to betake to my old Trade. Now the publick Quarrel's ended, I live by private Ones. I live ſtill by dying, as the ſong goes, Sir. While we have *Engliſh* Courages, *French* Honour, and *Spaniſh* Blades among us, I ſhall live, Sir.

Mock. Surely your ſword and skill did the King great ſervice a broad.

Nimb. Yes, Sir, I kill'd above fifteen of our own Officers by Private Duels in the Camp, Sir; kill'd 'em fairly; kill'd 'em thus, Sir.—Sa, ſa, ſa, ſa. Parry, parry, parry,— [*He puſhes* Mockmode *on the ribs; he ſtrikes* Nimblewriſt *over the head, and breaks the Foil.*

Club. What's the name of that Thruſt, pray, Sir?

Nimb. Oh Lard, Sir, he did not touch me; not in the leaſt, Sir. The Foyl was crack'd, a palpable crack. [*Blood runs down his Face.*

Club. A very palpable crack truly. Your Skull is only crack'd, palpably crack'd, that's all.

Mock. Well, Sir, if you pleaſe to teach me my Honours —— My Dancing-Maſter has forbid me any more, leſt I ſhould diſcompoſe my ſteps.

Nim. Your Dancing-Maſter is a Blockhead, Sir.

Enter Rigadoon.

Rig. I forgot my Gloves, and ſo——

Mock. Oh Sir, he calls you Blockhead, by the Univerſe.

Rig.

Rig. Zauns, Sir.— [*Foppiſhly.*

Nimb. Zoons, Sir. [*Bluſtriſhly.*

Rig. I have more Wit in the ſole of my foot then you have in your whole body.

Nim. Ay, Sir, you Caperers daunce all your Brains into your heels, which makes you carry ſuch empty Noddles. Your Rational's revers'd, carrying your underſtandings in your Legs. Your Wit is the perfect Antipodes to other Mens.

Rig. And what are you good Monſieur, ſa, ſa? Stand upon your Guard Mr *Mockmode*, he's the greateſt falſify in his Art; he'll fill your head ſo full of *French* Principles of Honour, that you won't have one of Honeſty left. His Breaſt-plate there he calls the But of Honour, at which all the Fools in the Kingdom ſhoot, and not one can hit the Mark.

Nimb. You talk of *Robin Hood*, who never ſhot in his Bow, Sir.— You Dancers are the Battledoors of the Nation, that toſs the light Foppiſh Shuttl cocks to and agen, to get your ſelves in heat.— Have a care, Mr. *Mockmode*, this Fellow will make a meer Graſhopper of you.— Sir, you're the grand Pimp to Foppery and Lewdneſs; and the Devil and a Dancing-Maſter, Dance a Corante over the whole Kingdom.

Rig. A Pimp, Sir! what then, Sir? I engage Couples into the Bed of Love, but you match 'em in the Bed of Honour. We only juggle People out of their Chaſtity, but you cheat 'em out of their Lives. We ſhall have you, Mr. *Mockmode*, grinning in the Bed of Honour, as if you laugh'd at the Fool who muſt be hang'd for you.—Which is beſt, Mr. *Nimblewriſt*, an eaſie Minuet, or a Tyburn Jig?

Nimb. Don't provoke my ſword, Sir, leaſt that Art you ſo revile ſhou'd revenge it ſelf; for every one of you that live by Dancing ſhould die by Puſhing, Sir.

Rig. And every Man that lives by Puſhing, ſhou'd die Dancing, I take it.

Nimb. Zoons, Sir! what d'ye mean?

Rig. Nothing, Sir;—Tal — dal — deral.— (*Daunces.*)— This takes the Ladies, Mr. *Mockmode*; this runs away with all the great Fortunes in Town. Tho' you be a Fool, a Fop, a Coward, Dance well, and you Captivate the Ladies. The moving a man's Limbs pliantly, does the buſineſs. If you want a Fortune, come to me———Tal —dal—deral— (*Daunces.*(

Nimb. No, no, to me, Sir. ———ſa, ſa, ——— does your buſineſs ſooneſt with a Woman. A clean and manly extenſion of all your parts——— ——Ha—Carrying a true point, is the matter.—Sa, ſa, ſa, ſa.———Defend your ſelf. (*Puſhes at* Rigadoon, *who Dances, and Sings, retiring off the Stage.*

Enter Bullfinch.

Bull. Oh goodneſs! what a Room's here! Cou'd not theſe fellows wipe their feet before they came up. And here's ſuch a tripping and ſuch a ſtamping, that they have broke down all the Cieling. You Dancing and Fencing-Maſters have been the downful of many Houſes. Get out of my Doors; my houſe was never in ſuch a pickle. — You Country Gentlemen, newly come to *London*, like your own Spaniels out of a Pond, muſt be ſhaking the Water off, and beſpatter every body about you.—— [Mockmode *having taken ſnuff, offering to ſneeze, ſneezes in her face.*

Mock. Zauns, Madam———(*ſneezes.*)——Bleſs me!———Dem me, I mean.

Bull. He's tainted. Theſe curſed Flies have blown upon him already.

Mock. Sa, ſa——Defend Flankonade, Madam.

Bull. Ah, Mr. *Mockmode*, my Puſhing and Dancing days are done, But I had a Son, Mr. *Mockmode*, that wou'd match you——Ah my poor *Robin*!—he dy'd of an Apoplexy; he was as pretty a young man as ever ſtept in a Black-Leather Shoe: he was as like you, Mr. *Mockmode*; as one Egg is like another; he dy'd like an Angel—But I am ſure he might have recover'd but for the Phyſicians——oh theſe Doctor's! theſe Doctors!

Mock. Bleſs the Doctors, I ſay; for I believe they kill'd my honeſt old Father.

Bull. Ay, that's true. If my *Robin* had left me an Eſtate, I ſhou'd have ſaid ſo too.—— (*Cries.*

Mock. Zauns, Madam, you muſt not be melancholy, Madam.

Bull. Well, Sir, I hope you'll give us the Beverage of your fine Cloaths. I'll aſſure you, Sir, they fit you very well, and I like your fancy mightily.

Mock. Ay, ay, Madam. But what's moſt modiſh for Beverage? for I ſuppoſe the faſhion of that alters always with the Cloaths.

Bull. The Taylors are the beſt Judges of that —But Champaigne, I ſuppoſe.

Mock. Is Champaigne a Taylor? Now methinks that were a fitter name for a Wig-maker.———I think they call my Wig a Campaigne.

Bull. You're clear out, Sir, clear out. Champaigne is a fine Liquor, which all you great Beaux drink to make 'em witty.

Mock. Witty! Oh by the Univerſe I muſt be witty. I'll drink nothing elſe; I never was witty in all my life. I love Jokes dearly.—Here, *Club*, bring us a Bottle of what d'ye call it? the witty Liquor.

(*Exit* Club.

Bull.

Bull. But I thought all you that were bred at the Univerſity ſhou'd be Wits naturally.

Mock. The quite contrary, Madam, there's no ſuch thing there. We dare not have Wit there, for fear of being counted Rakes. Your ſolid Philoſophy is all read there, which is clear another thing. But now I will be a Wit by the Univerſe. I muſt get acquainted with the great Poets. Landlady, you muſt introduce me.

Bull. Oh dear me, Sir! wou'd you ruin me? I introduce you! no Widow dare be ſeen with a Poet, for fear ſhe ſhou'd be thought to keep him.

Mock. Keep him! what's that? They keep nothing but Sheep in the Country; I hope they don't fleece the Wits.

Bull. Alas, Sir, they have no Fleeces; there's a great cry, but little Wooll. However, if you wou'd be acquainted with the Poets, I can prevail with a Gentleman of my acquaintance to introduce you; 'Tis one *Lovewell*, a fine Gentleman, that comes here ſometimes.

Mock. Lovewell! By the Univerſe my Rival; I heard of him in the Country. This puts me in mind of my Miſtreſs.—Zauns I'm certainly become a Beau already; for I was ſo in love with my ſelf, I quite forgot her.—I have a Note in my Pocket-book to find her out by.—

[*Pulls out a large Pocket-book, turning over the leaves, reads to himſelf.*

Six-pence for Waſhing.—— Two pence to the Maid.—— Six-pence for Snuſh—One Shilling for Butter'd Ale—By the Univerſe I have loſt the Directions.—Hark ye, Madam; Does this ſame *Lovewell* come often here, ſay you?

Bull. Yes, Sir, very often.——There's a Lady of his acquaintance, a Lodger in the houſe juſt now.

Mock. A Lady of his acquaintance a Lodger in the houſe juſt now? of his acquaintance, do you ſay?

Bull. Yes, and a pretty Lady too.

Mock. And he comes often here, you ſay? By the Univerſe! ſhou'd I happen to lodge in the ſame houſe with my Miſtreſs? I gad it muſt be the ſame. Can you tell the Woman's Name?—Stay—Is her Name *Lucinda*?

Bull. Perhaps it may, Sir; but I believe ſhe's a Widdow, for ſhe has a young Son, & I'm ſure 'tis legitimately begotten, for 'tis the braveſt Child you ſhall ſee in a Summers-day; 'Tis not like one of our puling Brats o'th' Town here, born with the Diſeaſes of half a dozen Fathers about it.

Mock. By the Univerſe I don't remember whether my Miſtreſs is Maid or Widow: But a Widow, ſo much the Better; for all your *London* widows are deviliſh rich they ſay. She came in a Coach, did ſhe not, Madam?

Bull. Yes, Sir, yes.

Mock. Then

Mock. Then 'tis infallibly ſhe.——Does ſhe not always go out in her Coach?

Bull. She has not ſtirr'd abroad ſince ſhe came, Sir.

Mock. Oh, I was told ſhe was very reſerv'd, tho 'tis very much of a Widow. I have often heard my Mother ſay, that ſitting at home and ſilence were very becoming in a Maid; and ſhe has often chid my Siſter *Dorothy* for gadding out to the Meadows, and tumbling among the Cocks with the Haymakers. I gad I'm the moſt lucky Son of a Whore; I was wrapt in the Tail of my Mothers Smock, Landlady.

Enter Servant.

Bull. Oh but this Lady, Sir.——

Ser. Madam here's a Gentleman below wants to ſpeak with you inſtantly

Bull. With me, Child? Sir, I'll wait on you in a minut. (*Exit with Servant.*

Enter Club *with Wine and Glaſſes.*

Mock. Is that the Witty Liquor? Come, fill the Glaſſes. Now that I have found my Miſtreſs, I muſt next find my Wits.

Club. So you had need, Maſter; for thoſe that find a Miſtreſs, are generally out of their Wits.—— (*Gives him a Glaſs.*

Mock. Come, fill for your ſelf. (*They jingle and drink.*

But where's the Wit now *Club*? have you found it?

Club. I gad Maſter I think 'tis a very good Jeſt.

Mock. What?

Club. What! why, Drinking. You'll find, Maſter, that this ſame Gentleman in the Straw Doublet, this ſame Will i'th' Wiſp, is a Wit at the bottom.—— (*Fills.*)——Here, here, Maſter; how it puns and quibbles in the Glaſs!

Mock. By the Univerſe now I have it; The Wit lies in the Jingling: All Wit conſiſts moſt in Jingling. Hear how the Glaſſes rhime to one another.

Club. What, Maſter, are theſe Wits ſo apt to claſh? [*Jingle the Glaſſes*

Mock. Oh by the Univerſe, by the Univerſe this is Wit. *Break 'em.* My Landlady is in the right.——I have often heard their was Wit in breaking Glaſſes. It would be a very good Joke to break the Flask now?

Club. I find then that this ſame Wit is very britle Ware.—But I think, Sir, 'twere no Joke to ſpill the Wine.

Mock. Why there's the Jeſt, Sirrah; all Wit conſiſts in loſing; there was never any thing got by't. I fancy this ſame wine is all ſold at Will's Coffee-houſe. Do you know the way thither Sirrah? I long to ſee Mr. *Comick* and Mr. *Tagrhine*, with the reſt of 'em. I wonder how

how they look! Certainly these Poets must have something extraordinary in their faces. Of all the Rarities of the Town, I long to see nothing more than the Poets and *Bedlam*. —— Come in, Club; I must go practice my Honours. ——Tal—dal—deral. —— [*Exit dancing, and Club toping*

Enter Lovewel *and Bullfinch.*

Bull. Oh Mr. *Lovewell!* you come just in the nick; I was ready to spoil all, by telling him that she was a Stranger, and just now come.

Lov. Well, dear Madam, be cautious for the future; 'tis the most fortunate chance that ever befell me. 'Twere convenient we had the other lodgers of our side.

Bull. There's no body but Mr. *Lyrick*; and you had as safely tell a secret over a Groaning Cheese, as to him.

Lov. How so?

Bull. Why you must know that he has been Lying-in these four months of a Play; and he has got all the Muses about him; a parcel of the most tattling Gossips.

Lov. Come, come; no more words; but to our business. I will certainly reward you. But have you any good hopes of its succeeding?

Bull. Very well of the 'Squire's side. But I'm afraid your Widow will never play her part, she's so awkward, and so sullen.

Lov. Go you and instruct her, while I manage Affairs abroad.

Bull. She's always raving of one *Roebuck*. Prithee who is this same *Roebuck*? —— Ah, Mr. *Lovewell*, I'm afraid this Widow of yours is something else at the bottom; I'm afraid there has been a Dog in the Well. [*Exit.*

Enter Brush.

Lov. So, Sirrah! where have you left the Gentleman?

Brush. In a friend's house, Sir.

Lov. What friend?

Brush. Why, a Tavern.

Lov. What took him there?

Brush. A Coach, Sir.

Lov. How d'ye mean?

Brush. A Coach and Six, Sir, no less, I'll assure you, Sir.

Lov. A Coach and Six!

Brush. Yes, Sir, six Whores and a Carted Bawd. He pick'd 'em all up in the street, and is gone with this splendid Retinue into the Sun by *Covent-Garden*. I ask'd him what he meant? he told me, That he only wanted to Whet, when the very sight of 'em turn'd my Stomach.

Lov. The fellow will have his swing, tho he hang for't. However, run to him, and bid him take the name of *Mockmode*; call himself *Mockmode* upon all occasions; and tell him that he shall find me here about Four

Four in the afternoon,—Ask no queſtions, but fly.—— So.—His uſurping that name gives him a Title to Court *Lucinda*, by which I ſhall diſcover her Inclinations to (*Exit Bruſh*) this *Mockmode*, whoſe coming to Town has certainly occaſion'd her quarrel with me; while I ſet the Hound himſelf upon a wrong ſcent, and ten to one provide for Miſtriſteſs *Trudge* by the bargain. 'Tis ſaid, one can't be a Friend and a Lover.

But oppoſite to that, this Plot ſhall prove;
I'll ſerve my Friend by what aſſiſts my Love. (*Exit.*

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE, Lucinda's *Houſe.*

Enter Leanthe Sola, *dreſs'd like a Page.*

METhinks this Livery ſuits ill my Birth: but ſlave to Love, I muſt not diſobey; his ſervice is the hardeſt Vaſſalage, forcing the Powers Divine to lay their Godſhips down, to be more Gods, more happy here below.—Thus I, poor Wanderer, have left my Country, diſguis'd my ſelf ſo much, I hardly know whether this Habit or my Love be blindeſt; to follow one, perhaps, that loves me not, tho every breath of his ſoft words was Paſſion, and every accent Love. Oh *Roebuck*! (*Weeps.*

Enter Roebuck.

Roeb. This is the Page, Love's Link-boy, that muſt light me the way.—How now, pretty Boy? has your Lady beaten you? ha?—This Lady muſt be a *Venus*, for ſhe has got a *Cupid* in her Family. 'Tis a wondrous pretty Boy,—(Leanthe *ſtarts, and ſtares at him.*) but a very Comical Boy.——What the Devil does he ſtare at?

Lean. Oh Heav'n's! is the Object real, or are my eyes falſe? Is that *Roebuck*, or am I *Leanthe*? I am afraid he's not the ſame; and too ſure I'm not my ſelf.—— (*Weeps.*

Roeb. What

Roeb. What offence cou'd ſuch pretty Innocence commit, to deſerve a puniſhment to make you cry?

Lean. Oh Sir! a wondrous offence.

Roeb. What was it, my Child?

Lean. I prick'd my Finger with a Pin, till I made it bleed.

Roeb. Such little Boys as you, ſhou'd have a care of ſharp things.

Lean. Indeed, Sir, we ought; for it prick'd me ſo deep that the ſore went to my very heart.

Roeb. Poor Boy!——here's a plaiſter for your ſore Finger—— [*Gives him Gold.*

Lean. Sir, you had beſt keep it for a ſore Finger. [*returns it.*

Roeb. O' my Conſcience the Boy's witty, but not very wiſe in returning Gold.—— Come, come, you ſhall take it. [*Forces it upon him, and kiſſes him.*

Lean. That's the fitter cure for my ſore Finger.-- ——The ſame dear Lips ſtill. Oh that the Tongue within them were as true! (*aſide.*

Roeb. By Heavens this Boy has the ſofteſt pair of Lips I ever taſted. I ne're found before that Ladys kiſs'd their Pages; but now if this Rogue were not too young, I ſhou'd ſuſpect he were before-hand with me. I gad, I muſt kiſs him again.—Come, you ſhall take the Money. (*Kiſſes.*

Lean. Oh how he bribes me into Bribery;——But what muſt I do whit this Money, Sir?

Roeb. You muſt get a little miſtreſs, and treat her with it.

Lean. Sir, I have one Miſtreſs already; and they ſay no man can ſerve two Maſters, much leſs two Miſtreſſes. How many Miſtreſſes have you, pray?

Roeb. Umh!——I gad the Boy has pos'd me.——How many, Child?—Why, let me ſee.——There was Mrs. *Mary*, Mrs. *Margaret*, Mrs. *Lucy*, Mrs. *Suſan*, Mrs. *Judy*, and ſo forth; to the number of five and twenty, or thereabouts.

Lean. Oh ye Powers! and did you love 'em all?

Roeb. Yes, deſperately.—I wou'd have drank and fought for any one of 'em. I have ſworn and ly'd to every one of 'em, and have lain with 'em all That's for your Encouragement, Boy. Learn betimes, Youth; young Plants ſhou'd be water'd. Your Smock face was made for a Chamber Utenſil.

Lean. And did not one eſcape ye?

Roeb. Yes, one did,——the Devil take her.

Lean. What, don't you love her then?

Roeb. No, faith; but I bear her an amorous grudge ſtill; ſomething between Love and ſpight.——I cou'd kill her with kindneſs.

Lean. I don't believe it, Sir; you cou'd not be ſo hard-hearted ſure: Her honourable Paſſion, I think, ſhou'd pleaſe you beſt.

Roeb. O Child! Boys of your age are continually reading Romances, filling your Heads with that old bombaſt of Love and Honour: But when you come to my years, you'll underſtand better things.

Lean. And muſt I be a falſe treacherous Villain, when I come to your years, Sir? Is Falſhood and Perjury eſſential to the perfect ſtate of manhood?

Roeb. Pſhaw, Children and old men always talk thus fooliſhly.——— you underſtand nothing, Boy.

Lean. Yes, Sir, I have been in Love and much more than you, I perceive.

Roeb. It appears then, that there's no ſervice in the World ſo educating to a Boy, as a Ladies.——By *Jove*, this Spark may be older than I imagin. Hark ye, Sir; do you never pull of your Ladies Shoes and Stockins? Do you never reach her the———Pincuſhion? Do you never ſit on her bed-ſide, and ſing to her? ha!—Come, tell me, that's my good Boy.——— (*Makes much of him.*

Lean. Yes, I do ſing her aſleep ſometimes.

Roeb. But do you never waken her again?

Lean. No, but I conſtantly wake my ſelf; my reſt's always diſturbed by Viſions of the Devil.

Roeb. Who wou'd imagin now that this young ſhaver cou'd dream of a Woman ſo ſoon?——But what Songs does your Lady delight in moſt?

Lean. Paſſionate ones, Sir; I'll ſing you one of 'em, if you'll ſtay.

Roeb. With all my heart, my little Cherubim. The Rogue is fond of ſhewing his parts.—Come, begin.

A SONG: Set by Mr. *Richardſon.*

How bleſs'd are Lovers in diguiſe!
Like Gods, they ſee,
As I do thee,
Unſeen by human Eyes.
Expos'd to view.
I'm hid from you;
I'm alter'd, yet the ſame:
The dark conceals me,
Love reveals me;
Love, which lights me by its Flame.

2.

Were you not falſe, you me wou'd know;
For tho' your Eyes
Cou'd not deviſe,
Your heart had told you ſo.

Your

Your heart wou'd beat
With eager heat,
And me by Sympathy wou'd find:
True Love might see
One chang'd like me,
False Love is only blind.

Roeb. Oh my little Angel in voice and shape— (*Kisses her.*) I cou'd wish my self a Female for thy sake.

Lean. You're much better as you are for my sake. —— (*Aside.*

Roeb. Or if thou wert a Woman, I wou'd ——

Lean. What wou'd you? Marry me? wou'd you marry me?

Roeb. Marry you, Child? No, no; I love you too well for that, you shou'd not have my hand, but all my Body at once.——But to our business. Is your Lady at home.

Lean. My Lady! What bus'ness have you with my Lady, pray Sir?

Roeb. Don't ask Questions. You know Mr. *Lovewell*?

Lean. Yes, very well. He's my great Friend, and one I wou'd serve above all the World—— but his Sister.

Roeb. His Sister!—Ha! that gives me a twinge for my Sin.——Pray, Mr. Page, was *Leanthe* well when you left her?

Lean. No, Sir; but wondrous melancholy, by the departure of a dear Friend of hers to another World.

Roeb. Oh that was the person mention'd in her Letter, whose departure occasion'd your departure for *England*.

Lean. That was the occasion of my coming, too sure, Sir.——Oh, 'twas a dear Friend to me! the loss makes me weep.

Roeb. Poor tender-hearted Creature!——But I still find there was not a word of me.——Pray, good Boy, let your Mistress know here's one to wait on her.

Lean. Your business is from Mr. *Lovewell*, I suppose, Sir?

Roeb. Yes, yes.

Lean. Then I'll go. (*Exit.*

Roeb. I've thrown my cast, and am fairly in for't. But an't I an impudent Dog? Had I as much Gold in my Breeches, as Brass in my Face, I durst attempt a whole Nunnery. This Lady is a reputed Vertue, of Good Fortune and Quality; I am a Rakehelly Rascal not worth a Groat; and without any further Ceremony, am going to Debauch her.——But hold.— She does not know that I'm this Rakehelly Rascal, and I know that she's a Woman, one of eighteen too; Beautiful, Witty.——O' my Conscience upon second thoughts, I am not so very Impudent neither.—Now as to my management, I'll first try the whining Addresses, and see if she'll bleed in the soft Vein.

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. Have you any buſineſs with me, Sir?

Roeb. Thus look'd the forbidden Fruit, luſcious and tempting. 'Tis ripe, and will ſoon fall, if one will ſhake the Tree. (*Aſide.*

Luc. Have you any bus'neſs with me, Sir?—— (*Comes nearer.*

Roeb. Yes, Madam, the bus'neſs of mankind; To adore you.—My Love, like my Blood, circulates thro' my Veins, and at every pulſe of my heart animates me with a freſh Paſſion.—Wonder not, Madam, at the power of your Eyes, whoſe painted Darts have ſtruck on a young and tender heart which they eaſily pierced, and which unacuſtom'd to ſuch wounds finds the ſmart more painful.

(*Leav. peeps*) Oh Traytor! Juſt ſuch words he ſpoke to me.

Luc. Hey day. I was never ſo attack'd in all my Life. In love with me, Sir! Did you ever ſee me before?

Roeb. Never, by *Jove.*—(*Aſide.*)—Oh, ten thouſand times, Madam. Your lovely Idea is always in my view, either aſleep or awake, eating or drinking, walking, ſitting or ſtanding; alone, or in Company, my fancy wholly feeds upon your dear Image, and every thought is you.—Now have I told about fifteen lies in a Breath. (*Aſide.*

Luc. I ſuppoſe, Sir, you are ſome conceited young Scribler, who has got the benefits of a firſt Play in your Pocket, and are now going a Fortune hunting.

Roeb. But why a Scribler, Madam? Are my Cloaths ſo courſe, as if they were ſpun by thoſe lazy Spinſters the Muſes? Does the parting of my Fore-top ſhew ſo thin, as if it reſembled the two wither'd tops of *Parnaſſus*? Do you ſee any thing peculiarly Whimſical or ill-natur'd in my Face? Is my Countenance ſtrain'd, as if my head were diſtorted by a Stranguary of Thought? Is there any thing proudly, ſlovenly, or affectedly careleſs in my Dreſs? Do my hands look like Paper moths? I think, Madam, I have nothing Poetical about me.

Luc. Yes, Sir, you have Wit enough to talk like a Fool; and are Fool enough to talk like a Wit.

Roeb. You call'd me Peot, Madam, and I know no better way of Revenge, than to convince you that I am one by my Impudence.—(*Offers to kiſs her hand.*

Luc. Then make me a Copy of Verſes upon that, Sir. [*Hits him on the ear, and Exit.*

Leanthe *Entring.*

How d'ye like the Subject, Sir?

Roeb. 'Tis a very copious one. (*Spitting.*)——It has made my Jo[ll] thi[s]

rhime in my Head. This it is to be thought a Poet; every Minx must be casting his Profession in his Teeth.—What! Gone;

Lean. Ay, she knows that making Verses requires Solitude and Retirement.

Roeb. She certainly was afraid I intended to beg leave to dedicate something.—If ever I make Love like a Poetical fool again, may I never receive any favour but a Subject for a Copy of Verses.

Re-enter Lucinda.

Luc. I won't dismiss him thus, for fear he Lampoon me.—Well, Sir, have you done them?

Roeb. Yes, Madam, will you please to read. (*Catches her and*

Lean. Oh Heav'n I can never bear it. *kisses her three or four times.*

I must devise some means to part 'em. (*Exit.*

Luc. Sir, your Verses are too rough and constrain'd. However, because I gave the occasion, I'll pardon what's past.

Roeb. By the Lord she was angry only because I did not make the first offer to her Lips. (*Aside*)—Then, Madam, the Peace is concluded?

Luc. Yes, and therefore both parties should draw out of the Field. (*Going.*

Roeb. Not 'till we make Reprizals. I make Peace with Sword in hand, Madam, and till you return my heart, which you have taken, or your own in exchange, I will not put up. And so, Madam, I proclaim open War again.——— (*Catches her*

Enter Leanthe.

Lean. Oh, Madam! yonder's poor little Crab, your Lap-Dog, has got his head between two of the Window-bars, and is like to be strangl'd. (*The Dog howls behind the Scenes.*

Luc. Oh Lard, my poor Crabby! I must run to the rescue of my poor Dog; I'll wait on you instantly.—Come, come, Page.——— Poor Crabby!——— (*Exit with* Leanthe.

Roeb. Oh the Devil chock Crabby!—Well, I find there's much more Rhetorick in the Lips than in the Tongue. ——Had Buss been the first word of my Courtship, I might have gain'd the Outworks by this. Impudence in Love, is like Courage in War; tho Both blind Chances, because Women and Fortune rule them.

Re-enter Leanthe.

Lean. Sir, my Lady begs your pardon; there's something extraordinary happen'd, which prevents her waiting on you, as she promis'd.

Roeb. What has Monsieur Crabby rubb'd some of the hairs off his Neck? Has he disorder'd his pretty ears? she won't come again then?

Lean. No

Lean. No, Sir; you muſt excuſe her.

Roeb. Then I'll go be Drunk.—Harkye, Sirrah; I have half a dozen delicious Creatures waiting for me at the Sun; you ſhall along with, me and have your Chocie. I'll enter you into the School of Venus Child. 'Tis time you had loſt your Maiden-head, you're too old for Play-things.

Lean. Oh Heavens! I had rather he ſhou'd ſtay then go there. (*Aſide*) But why will you keep ſuch Company, Sir?

Roeb. Nay, if y're for Advice, farewell:
Men of ripe underſtanding ſhou'd always deſpiſe
What Babes only practiſe, and Dotards adviſe. (*Exit ſinging.*

Lean. Wild as Winds, and unconfin'd as Air.—Yet I may reclaim him. His follies are weakly founded, upon the Principles of Honour, where the very Foundation helps to undermine the Structure. How charming wou'd Vertue look in him, whoſe behaviour can add a Grace to the unſeemlineſs of Vice!

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. What is the Gentleman gone?

Lean. Yes, Madam. He was inſtantly taken ill with a violent pain in his Stomach, and was forc'd to hurry away in a Chair to his Lodging.

Luc. Oh poor Gentleman! He's one of thoſe conceited fools that think no Female can reſiſt their Temptations. Blockheads, that imagin all Wit to conſiſt in blaſpheming Heav'n and Women.—I'll feed his Vanity, but ſtarve his Love.

And may all Coxcombs meet no better Fate,
Who doubt our Sexes Virtue, or dare prompt our hate. (Exit.

SCENE Lyrick's *Chamber in Widow* Bullfinch's *houſe; Papers ſcatter'd about the Table, himſelf ſitting writing in a Night-Gown and Cap.*

Lyr. Two as good Lines as ever were written. (*Riſing.*
I gad I ſhall maull theſe topping fellows.—— Says Mr. *Lee*,
Let there be not one Glimps, one Starry ſpark,
But God's meet Gods, and juſtle in the Dark.
Says little Lyrick,
Let all the Lights be burnt out to a Snuff,
And Gods meet Gods, and play at Blind-man's buff.
Very well!
Let Gods meet Gods, and ſo —— fall out and cuff.
That's much mended. They're as noble Lines as ever were penn'd. Oh, here comes my damn'd Muſe; I'm always in the Humour of writing Elegy after a little of her Inſpiration.

Enter Bull.

Enter Bullfinch.

Bull. Mr. *Lyrick*, what do you mean by all this? Here you have lodg'd two years in my houſe, promiſed me Eighteen-pence a week for your Lodging, and I have ne're receiv'd eighteen farthings, not the value of that, Mr *Lyrick* (*Snapes with her fingers*) you always put me off with telling me of your Play, your Play.—Sir, you ſhall play no more with me, I'm in earneſt.

Lyr. This living on Love is the deareſt Lodging—a Man's eternally dunn'd, tho perhaps he have leſs of one ready Coin than t'other.—There's more trouble in a Play than you imagin, Madam.

Bull. There's more trouble with a Lodger than you think, Mr. *Lyrick*.

Lyr. Firſt there's the decorum of Time.

Bull. Which you never obſerve, for you keep the worſt hours of any Lodger in Town.

Lyr. Then there's the exactneſs of Characters.

Bull. And you have the moſt ſcandalous one I ever heard.

Lyr. Then there's laying the Drama.——

Bull. Then you foul my Napkins and Towels.

Lyr. Then there are preparations of Incidents, working the Paſſions, Beauty of Expreſſion, Cloſeneſs of Plot, Juſtneſs of Place, Turn of Language, Opening the Cataſtrophe.——

Bull. Then you wear out my Sheets, burn my Fire and Candle, dirty my Houſe, eat my Meat, deſtroy my Drink, wear out my Furniture—— I have lent you Money out of my Pocket.

Lyr. Was ever poor Rogue ſo ridden? If ever the Muſes had a Horſe, I am he.——Faith Madam, poor Pegaſus is Jaded.

Bull. Come, come, Sir, he ſhan't ſlip his Neck out of the Collar for all that. Money I will have, and Money I muſt have; let your Play and you both be damn'd.

Lyr. Well, Madam, my Bookſeller is to bring me ſome twenty Guinea's for a few Sheets of mine preſently, which I hope will free me from your Sheets.

Bull. My Sheets, Mr. *Lyrick*! Pray what d'ye mean? I'll aſſure you, Sir, my Sheets are finer than any of your Muſes ſpinning.——Marry come up.

Lyr. Faith you have ſpun me ſo fine, that you have almoſt crack'd my Thread of Life, as may appear by my Spindle-ſhanks.

Bull. Why ſure—Where was your Thalia, and your Melpomene, when the Tayler wou'd have ſtripp'd you of your Silk Waſtcoat, and have clapt you on a Stone-doublet? Wou'd all your Golden Verſe have paid the Serjeants Fees?

Lyr. Truly

Lyr. Truly, you freed me from Gaol, to confine me in a Dungeon; you did not ranſom me, but bought me as a ſlave; So, Madam, I'll purchaſe my freedom as ſoon as poſſible. Fleſh and Blood can't bear it.

Bull. Take your courſe, Sir.—There were a couple of Gentlemen juſt now to enquire for you; and if they come again, they ſhan't be put off with the old ſtory of your being abroad, I'll promiſe you that, Sir, (*Exit.*

Lyr. Zoons! if this Bookſeller does not bring me Money——

Enter Pamphlet.

Oh, Mr. *Pamphlet*, your Servant. Have you perus'd my Poems?

Pam. Yes, Sir, and there are ſome things very well, extraordinary well, Mr. *Lyrick*: but I don't think 'em for my purpoſe.——Poetry's a meer Drug, Sir.

Lyr. Is that becauſe I take Phyſick when I write? Damn this coſtive fellow, now he does not apprehend the Joke.

Pam. No, Sir; but your name does not recommend 'em. One muſt write himſelf into a Conſumption before he gain Reputation.

Lyr. That's the way to lye abed when his Name's up. Now I lye abed before I can gain Reputation.

Pam. Why ſo, ſad?

Lyr. Becauſe I have ſcarcely any Cloaths to put on.—If ever man did Penance in a White Sheet——

Pam. You ſtand only ſometimes in a White Sheet for your offences with your Landlady. Faith, I have often wonder'd how your Muſe cou'd take ſuch flights, yoak'd to ſuch a Cartload as ſhe is.

Lyr. Oh, they are like the Iriſh Horſes, they draw beſt by the Tail—Have you ever ſeen any of my Burleſque, Mr. *Pamphlet*? I have a Project of turning three or four of our moſt topping fellows into Doggrel. As for Example;—— (*Reads.*

Conqueſt with Lawrels has our Arms adorn'd,
And Rome *in tears of Blood our anger mourn'd.*
Now, *Butchers with Roſemary have our Beef adorn'd.*
Which has in Gravy Tears our Hunger mourn'd.

How d'ye like it, Mr. *Pamphlet*, ha?—Well——

Like Gods, we paſs'd the rugged Alpine Hills;
Melted our way, and drove our hiſſing Wheels;
Thro cloudy Deluges, Eternal Rills.

Now obſerve, Mr. *Pamphlet*; pray obſerve.

Like Razors keen, our Knives cut paſſage clean
Through Rills of Fat, and Deluges of Lean.

Pam. Very well, upon my Soul.

Lyr. *Hurl'd dreadful Fire and Vinegar infus'd.*

Pam. Ay, Sir, Vinegar! how patly that comes in for the Beef, Mr. *Lyrick*! 'Tis all wondrous fine indeed.

Lyr. This

Lyr. This is the moſt ingenious fellow of his Trade that I have ſeen; he underſtands a good thing.—(*Aſide.*)—But as to our bus'neſs.—What are you willing to give for theſe Poems? Prithee ſay ſomething. There are about three thouſand lines.——Here, take 'em for a couple of Guinea's.

Pam. No, Sir; Paper is ſo exceſſive dear that I dare not venture upon 'em.

Lyr. Well, becauſe you're a Friend, I'll beſtow 'em upon you.—Here, take 'em all.—There's the hopes of a Dedication ſtill. (*Aſide.*

Pam. I give you a thouſand thanks, Sir; but I dare not venture the hazard; they'll ne're quit coſt indeed, Sir.

Lyr. This fellow is one of the greateſt Blockheads that ever was Member of a Corporation.——How ſhall I be reveng'd?

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, there are two Men below deſire to have the Honour of kiſſing your hand.

Lyr. They muſt be Knaves or Fools, By their fulſome Complement. Hark ye—(*Whiſpers the Boy.*)—Bid 'em walk up.

Pam. Since you have got Company, Sir, I'll take my leave.

Lyr. No, no, Mr. *Pamphlet*, by no means! we muſt drink before we part. Boy, a Pint of Sack and a Toaſt. Theſe are two Gentlemen out of the Country, who will be for all the new things lately publiſhed; they'll be good Cuſtomers.——Come, ſit down.——You have not ſeen my Play yet?——Here, take the Pen, and if you ſee any thing amiſs, correct it; I'll go bring 'em up.——Stay, lend me your Hat and Wig, or I ſhall take cold going down Stairs. [*He takes* Pamphlet's *Hat and Wig, and puts his Cap on* Pamphlet's *Head.*

Pam. (*Solus*) This is a right Poetical Cap; 'tis Bays the outſide, and the Lining Fuſtian.——[*Reading.*]——This is all ſtuff, worſe than his Poems.

Enter two Bailiffs behind him, and clap him on the ſhoulder.

1 *Bail.* Sir, you're the King's Priſoner.

Pam. That's a good Fancy enough, Mr. *Lyrick.* But pray don't interrupt me, I'm in the beſt Scene.——I gad the Drama is very well laid.

2 *Bail.* Come, Sir.

Pam. Well, well, Sir, I'll pledge ye. Prithee now good Mr. *Lyrick* do'nt diſturb me.——

And furious Lightnings brandiſh'd in her Eyes.

That's true Spirit of Poetry.

1 *Bail.* Zoons, Sir, d'ye banter us? [*Takes him under each arm, and hauls him up.*

Pam. Gentlemen—I beg you pardon. How d'ye like the City Gentlemen? If you have any occaſion for Books to carry into the Country, I can furniſh you as well as any man about *Pauls*. Where's Mr. *Lyrick*.

1 *Bail.* Theſe Wits are damnable Cunning. I always have double Fees for Arreſting one of you Wits. All your Evaſions won't do; we underſtand trap, Sir; you muſt not think to catch old Birds with Chaff, Sir.

Pam. Zoons, Gentlemen, I'm not the Perſon; I'm a Freeman of the City; I have good Effects, Gentlemen, good Effects. D'ye think to make a Fool of me I'm a Bookſeller, no Poet.

2 *Bail.* Ay, Sir, we know what you are by your Fools Cap there.

1 *Bail.* Yes, one of you Wits wou'd have paſs'd upon us for a Corn-cutter yeſterday; and was ſo like one, we had almoſt believed him. [*Hauls him.*

Pam. Why Gentlemen, Gentlemen, Officers, have a little Patience, and Mr. *Lyrick* will come up Stairs.

1 *Bail.* No, no; Mr. *Lyrick* ſhall go down Stairs. He wou'd have us wait till ſome Friends come into reſcue him. Ah theſe Wits are Deviliſh Cunning. ——— (*Exit hauling* Pamphlet.

Enter Lyrick, Mockmode, *and* Club; Lyrick *dreſs'd.*

Lyr. Ha, ha, ha. Very Poetical Faith; a good Plot for a Play, Mr. *Mockmode*; a Bookſeller bound in Calves-Leather.—Ha, ha, ha.—How they walk'd along like the three Volumes of the *Engliſh Rogue* ſqueez'd together on a ſhelf.

Mock. What was it, what was it, Mr. *Lyrick*?

Lyr. Why, I am a States-man, Sir. ——— I can't but laugh, to think how they'll ſponge the ſheet before the Errata be blotted out; and then how he'll hamper the Dogs for falſe Impriſonment.

Mock. But pray what was the matter, Mr. *Lyrick*!

Lyr. Nothing, Sir, but a Shurking Bookſeller that ow'd me about Forty Guinea's for a few lines. He wou'd have put me off, ſo I ſent for a couple of Bull-Dogs, and Arreſted him.

Mock. Oh Lord, Mr. *Lyrick*, Honeſty's quite out of doors; 'tis a rare thing to find a man that's a true Friend, a true Friend is a rare thing indeed!—Mr. *Lyrick*, will you be my Friend? I only want that Accompliſhment. I have got a Miſtreſs, a Dancing and Fencing-Maſter; and now I want only a Friend, to be a fine Gentleman.

Lyr. Have you never had a Friend, Sir?

Mock. Yes,

Mock. Yes, a very honeſt fellow; our Friendſhip commenc'd in the College-Cellar, and we lov'd one another like two Brothers, till we unluckily fell out afterwards at a Game at Tables.

Lyr. I find then that neither of ye loſt by the ſet. (*Aſide.*
But my ſhort acquaintance can't recommend me to ſuch a Truſt.

Mock. Pſhaw! Acquaintance?—You muſt be a man of Honour, as you're a Poet, Sir.

Lyr. But what uſe wou'd you make of a Friend, Sir?

Mock. Only to tell my Secreets too, and be my Second.—Now, Sir, a Wit muſt be beſt to keep a Secret, becauſe what you ſay to one's prejudice will be thought malice. Then you muſt have a Deviliſh deal of Courage by your Heroick Writing.—

But know, that I alone am King of Me.

Heav'ns! ſure the Author of that Line muſt be a plaguy ſtout fellow; it makes me Valiant as *Hector* when I read it.

Lyr. Sir, we ſtick to what we write as little as Divines to what they preach.—Beſides, Sir, there are other qualifications requiſite in a Friend, he muſt lend you Money. Now, Sir, I can't be that Friend, for I want forty Guinea's.

Mock. Sir, I can lend you fifty upon good ſecurity.—'Twas the laſt word my Father ſpoke on his Death-bed, that I ſhou'd never lend Money without ſecurity.

Lyr. Fie, Sir! Security from a Friend, and a Man of Honour by his Profeſſion too!

Mock. By the Univerſe, that's true, you are my Friend. Then I'll tell you a Secret— (*They whiſper.*

Club. Now will this plaguy Wit turn my Noſe out of Joynt—I was my Maſter's Friend before, tho' I never found the knack of borowing Money; tho' I have receiv'd ſome marks of his Friendſhip, ſome ſound drubs about the Head and Shoulders, or ſo. I have been bound for him too, in the Stocks, for his breaking Windows very often.

Lyr. Mr. *Mockmode*, you may be impos'd upon. I wou'd ſee this Lady you court. I know Mr. *Lovewell* has a Miſtreſs nam'd *Lucinda*; but that ſhe lodges in this houſe, I much doubt.

Mock. Impos'd upon. That's very Comical.—Ha, ha, ha! you ſhall ſee, Sir; come.—Pray Sir, you're my Friend.

Lyr. Nay, pray; Indeed, Sir, I beg your [*They Complement for the door.*] Pardon; you're a 'Squire, Sir.

Mock. Zauns, Sir, you lie, I'm not a Fool; I'll take an affront from no man.—Draw, Sir. (*Draws.*

Club. Draw, Sir.—I gad I'll put his Noſe out of joynt now.

Lyr. Unequal numbers, Gentlemen.

Club. I'm only my Maſter's Friend, his Second, or ſo, Sir.

Lyr. What's the matter, noble Squire ?

Mock. You lie again, Sir. Zauns, draw.— (*ſtrikes him with his ſword.*

Lyr. Ha! —— a blow ! —— Eſſex, a blow —— yet I will be calm.

Club. Zoons, draw, Sir. [*Strikes him.*

Lyr. Oh patience Heaven ! —— Thou art my Friend ſtill.

Mock. You lie, Sir.

Lyr. Then thou art a Traytor, Tyant, Monſter.

Mock. Zauns, Sir, you're a Son of a Whore, and a Raſcal.

Club. A Scribler.

Lyr. Ah, ah, — That ſtings home. —— Scribler !

Mock. Ay, Scribler, Ballad-maker.

Lyr. Nay then ——

I and the Gods will fight it with ye all. (*Draws.*

Enter Roebuck *drunk, and ſinging.*

France *ne're will comply*
Till her Claret run dry ;
Then let's pull away, to defeat her :
He hinders the Peace,
Who refuſes this Glaſs,
And deſerves to be hang'd for a Traytor.

Now, my Mirmydons fall on ; I have taken off the odds.
Dub a dub, dub a dub, to the Battle. (Sings.

Zoons Gentlemen, why don't ye fight ? — Blood fight. Oblige me ſo far to fight a little ; I long to ſee a little ſport.

Lyr. Sir, I ſcorn to ſhew ſport to any man. (*puts up.*

Mock. And ſo do I, by the Univerſe.

Club. And I, by the Univerſe.

Lyr. I ſhall take another time. (*Exit.*

Roeb. Here Raſcal, take your Chopping-knife, ——*gives* Club *his Sword.* and bring me a Joynt of that Coward's fleſh for your Maſters Supper.— Fly, Dog.—— (*Takes him by the Noſe.*

Club. Auh !—This fellow's likelieſt to put my Noſe out of joint.

Roeb. Now, Sir, tell me, how you durſt be a Coward ?

Mock. Coward, Sir ? I'm a Man of a great Eſtate, Sir ; I have five thouſand Acres of as good fighting ground as any in *England*, good *Terra firma*, Sir, Coward, Sir ! Have a care what you ſay, Sir.—My Father was a Parliament Man, Sir, and I was bred at the College, Sir.

Roeb. Oh then I know your Genealogy ; your Father was a Senior-Fellow, and your Mother was an Air-pump. You were ſuckl'd by Platonick Idea's, and you have ſome of your Mothers Milk in your Noſe yet.

Mock. From

Mock. Form the Propoſition by Mode and Figure, Sir.

Roeb. I told you ſo.—— Blow your Noſe Child, and have a care of dirting your Philoſophical ſlabbering-bib.

Mock. What d'ye mean, Sir?

Roeb. Your ſtarch'd Band, ſet by Mode and Figure, Sir.

Mock. Band Sir?—— This fellow's blind, Drunk. I wear a Cravat, Sir?

Roeb. Then ſet a good face upon the matter. Throw off Childiſhneſs and Folly with your hanging-ſleeves. Now you have left the Univerſity, learn, learn.

Mock. This fellow's an Atheiſt, by the Univerſe; I'll take notice of him, and inform againſt him for being Drunk.—— Pray, Sir, what's your Name?

Roeb. My name? by the Lord I have forgot.—— Stay, I ſhall think on't by and by.

Mock. Zauns, forget your own Name! your memory muſt be very ſhort, Sir.

Roeb. Ay, ſo it ſeems, for I was but Chriſten'd this morning, and I have forgot it already.

Mock. Was your Worſhip then Turk or Jew before?—— I knew he was ſome damn'd bloody Dog.—— (*Aſide.*

Roeb. Sir, I have been Turk, or Jew rather, ſince; for I have got a plaguy heatheniſh Name.—Pox on't.—Oh! now I have it.——*Mo*—*Mock*—*mo*—*Mockmode.*

Mock. Mockmode! *Mockmode*, Sir, Pray how do you ſpell it?

Roeb. Go you to your A, B, C. you came laſt from the Univerſity.

Mock. Sir, I'm call'd *Mockmode.*—What Family are you of, Sir?

Roeb. What Family are you of, Sir?

Mock. Of *Mockmode-Hall* in *Shropſhire.*

Roeb. Then I'm of the ſame, I believe.—I fancy, Sir, that you and I are near Relations.

Mock. Relations. Sir! There are but two Families; my Fathers, who is now dead, and his Brothers, Colonel *Peaceable Mockmode.*

Roeb. Ay, ay, the very ſame Colonel *Peaceable.*——Is not he Colonel of Militia?

Mock. Yes, Sir.

Roeb. And was not he High-Sheriff of the County laſt year?

Mock. The very ſame, Sir.

Roeb. The very ſame; I'm of that Family.—And your Father dy'd about——let me ſee——

Mock. About half a year ago.

Roeb. Exactly. By the ſame token you got drunk at a Hunting-match that very day ſeven-night he was buri'd.

Mock. This

Mock. This fellow's a Witch.—But it looks very ſtrange that you ſhou'd be Chriſten'd this morning. I'm ſure your Godfathers had a plaguy deal to anſwer for.

Roeb. Oh, Sir, I'm of age to anſwer for my ſelf.

Mock. One wou'd not think ſo, y're ſo forgetful. 'Tis two and twenty years ſince I was Chriſten'd, and I can remember my name ſtill.

Roeb. Come, we'll take a Glaſs of Wine, and that will clear our underſtanding. We'll remember our friends.

Mock. You muſt excuſe me, Sir.—This is ſome Sharper. (*Aſide.*

Roeb. Nay, prithee Couſin, good Couſin *Mockmode*, one Glaſs. I know you are an honeſt fellow. We muſt remember our Relations in the Country indeed, Sir.

Mock. Oh, Sir, you're ſo ſhort of memory, you can never call 'em to mind. You have forgot your ſelf, Sir. *Mockmode* is a Heatheniſh Name, Sir, and all that, Sir. And ſo I beg your pardon, Sir.—(*Exit*

Roeb. Now were I Lawyer enough, by that little enquiry into that fellow's Concerns, I cou'd bring in a falſe Deed to cheat him of his Eſtate.

Enter Bruſh.

Where the Devil is thy Maſter? You ſaid I ſhou'd find him here.

Bruſh. 'Tis impoſſible for you, or me, or any body, to find him.

Roeb. Why?

Bruſh. Becauſe he has loſt himſelf. The Devil has made a Juglers Ball of him I believe. He's here now; then Preſto, paſs in an inſtant. He has got ſome damn'd bus'neſs to day in hand.

Roeb. Ay, ſo it ſeems.—I muſt be Squire *Mockmode*, and court an honourable Miſtreſs in the Devils name! Well, let my ſober thinking Friend plot on, and lay Traps to catch Futurity; I'm for holding faſt the preſent.— I have got about twenty Guinea's in my Pocket; and whilſt they laſt, the Devil take *George* if he thinks of Futurity. I'll go hand in hand with Fortune.

She is an honeſt, giddy, reeling Punk;
My Head, her Wheel, turn round, and ſo we both are drunk. (Exit reeling.

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE Lucinda's *House.*

Enter Leanthe, *and* Pindreſs *following with Paper of Sweetmeats in her hand.*

Pind. HEre, here, Page; your Lady has ſent you ſome Sweetmeats; but indeed you ſhan't have 'em till you hire me.

Lean. She ſent ſower Sauce, when ſhe made you the Bearer. (*Aſide.*

Pind. Prithee now what makes you conſtantly ſo melancholy? Come you muſt be merry, and ſhall be merry, I'll get you ſome Play-things.

Lean. I believe you want Play-things more than I.—But I wou'd be private *Pindreſs.*

Pindreſs. Well, my Child, I'll be private with you; Boys and Girls ſhou'd ſtill be private together; and we may be as retir'd as we pleaſe; for my Miſtreſs is reading in her Cloſet, and all the Servants are below.—But what Concerns have you? I'm ſure ſuch a little Boy can have no great bus'neſs in private.

Lean. I will try thee for once (*Aſide*) —— Yes, Mrs. *Pindreſs*, I have great inclination.———

Pin. To what? To do what, Sir?—Don't name it: —'Tis all in vain.—you ſhan't do it, you need not ask it.

Lean. Only to kiſs you.— (*Kiſſes her.*

Pen. Oh fie, Sir! Indeed I'll none of your kiſſes. Take it back again (*Kiſſes him.*) Is it not the taſte of the Sweet-meats very pretty about my Lips?

Lean. Oh hang your liquoriſh Chaps; you'd fain be licking your Lips, I find that.

Pin. Indeed, Mr. Page, I won't pay you the Kiſſes you won from me laſt night at Croſs-purpoſes;—and you ſhan't think to keep my Pawn neither. —— Pray give me my Hungary-bottle.—As I hope to be ſav'd I will have my Hungary-bottle— (*Rummaging him.*)—I'm ſtronger than you.—I'll carry you in, and throw you upon the bed, and take it from you. — (*Takes him up in her Arms,*

Lean. Help! help! I ſhall be raviſh'd! Help! help!

Enter

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. What's the matter? — Oh bleſs me!

Pin. Oh dear Madam, this unlucky Boy had almoſt ſpoil'd me. Did not your Ladiſhip hear me cry I ſhou'd be raviſh'd? I was ſo weak, I cou'd not reſiſt the little ſtrong Rogue; he whipt me up in his arms, like a Baby, and had not your Ladiſhip come in———

Luc. What, Sirrah, wou'd you debauch my Maid? you little Cock-Sparrow, muſt you be Billing too? I have a great mind to make her whip you Sirrah.

Pind. Oh dear, Madam, let me do't. I'll take him into the Room and I will ſo chaſtiſe him. ———

Luc. But do you think you'll be able, *Pindreſs*? I'll ſend one of the Men to help you.

Pind. No, no, Madam; I cou'd manage him with one hand.——— See here, Madam. (*Takes him in her arms, and is running away.*

Luc. Hold, hold— Is this you that the little ſtrong Rogue had almoſt Raviſh'd? He ſnatch'd you up in his arms like a Baby.——Ah *Pindreſs*, *Pindreſs*! I ſee y'are very weak indeed.— Are not you aſham'd, Girl, to debauch my little Boy?

Pin. Your Ladyſhip gave me orders to make him merry, and divert his melancholy, and I know no better way than to teize him a little. I'm afraid the Boy is troubl'd with the Rickets, and a little ſhaking, Madam, wou'd do him ſome good.

Lean. I'm tir'd with impertinence, and have other bus'neſs to mind. (*Aſide Exit.*

Pin. I hope your Ladyſhip entertains no ill opinion of my Virtue.

Luc. Truly I don't know what to think on't: but I've ſo good an opionion of your ſenſe, as to believe you wou'd not play the fool with a Child.

Pind. W'ere all ſubject to playing the fool, if you continue your Reſolution in marrying of the firſt man that asks you the Queſtion.

Luc. No, my mind's chang'd; I'll never marry any Man.

Pind. I dare ſwear that reſolution breaks ſooner, than the former. (*Aſide.*) Ah Madam, Madam! if you never believe Man again, you muſt never be Women again; for tho' we are as cunning as Serpents, we are naturally as flexible too. Speak ingeniouſly, Madam; If Mr. *Lovewell* ſhou'd with an amorous whine and ſuppliant cringe tell you a formal ſtory, contrary to what we ſuſpect, wou'd you not believe him?

Luc. What, believe his vain aſſertations, before the demonſtration of my ſenſes? No, no; my Love's not ſo blind. Did I not ſee his Miſs and his Child? did I not behold him giving her Money? did I not hear him declare he wou'd ſettle her in a Lodging?

Pin. But

Pind. But, Madam, upon ſerious reflection, where's the great harm in all this? Moſt Ladies wou'd be over joy'd at ſuch a diſcovery of their Lovers ability. The Child ſeem'd a luſty chopping Boy; and let me tell you, Madam, it muſt be a luſty chopping Boy that got it.

Luc. Urge no farther in his defence; he's a Villain, and of all Villains that I hate moſt, an hypocritical one. The Ladies give him the Epithet of modeſt, and the Gentlemen that of ſober *Lovewell*. Now methinks ſuch a piece of Debauchery ſits ſo awkwardly on a perſon of his Character, that it adds an unſeemlineſs to the natural vileneſs of the Vice; and he that dares be a Hypocrite in Religion, will certainly be one in Love.—Stay, is not that he? (*Pointing outwards.*

Pind. Yes, Madam; I believe he's going to the Park.

Luc. Call a couple of Chairs quickly; we'll thither Maſqu'd. This day's adventures argue ſome intended Plot upon me, which I may countermine by only ſetting a Face upon the matter. (*Puts her Maſque on.*

For as Hypocriſie in men can move,
Here's the beſt Hypocrite in Female Love.
On even ſcores deſigning Heaven took care;
Since Men falſe Hearts, that we falſe Faces wear. (Exit.

SCENE *the Park.*

Enter Lovewell *and* Lyrick *meeting*; Lyrick *reading.*

I'll rack thy Reputation, blaſt thy Fame,
And in ſtrong grinding Satyr Gibbet up thy Name.

Lov. What, in a Rapture, Mr. *Lyrick*?

Lyr. A little Poetical fury, that's all.——I'll 'Squire him; I'll draw his Character for the Buffoon of a Farce; he ſhall be as famous in Ballad as *Robin Hood*, or Little *John*; my Muſes ſhall haunt him like Demons; they ſhall make him more ridiculous than *Don Quixote*.

Lov. Becauſe he encounter'd your Windmill-Pate.——Ha, ha, ha.—Come, come, Mr. *Lyrick*, you muſt be pacify'd.

Lyr. Pacify'd, Sir! Zoons, Sir, he's a Fool, has not a grain of ſenſe. Were he an ingenious Fellow, or a Man of Parts, I cou'd bear a kicking from him: But an abuſe from a Blockhead! I can never ſuffer it.

Pert Blockhead, who has purchas'd by the School
Juſt ſenſe enough to make a noted Fool.

That ſtings, Mr. *Lovewell*.

Lov. Pray, Sir, let me ſee it.

Lyr. This is imperfect, Sir: But if you pleaſe to give your Judgment of this Piece. ——— [*Gives him a Paper.*
'Tis a Piece of Burleſque on ſome of our late Writings.

Lov. Ay, you Poets mount firſt on the Shoulders of your Predeceſſors, to ſee farther in making Diſcoveries; and having once got the upper-hand, you ſpurn them under-foot. I think you ſhou'd bear a Veneration to their very Aſhes.

Lyr. Ay, if moſt of their Writings had been burnt. I declare, Mr. *Lovewell*, their Fame has only made them the more remarkably faulty: Their great Beauties only illuſtrate their greating Errors.

Lov. Well, you ſaw the new Tragedy laſt night; how did it pleaſe ye?

Lyr. Very well; it made me laugh heartily.

Lov. What, laugh at a Tragedy!

Lyr. I laugh to ſee the Ladies cry. To ſee ſo many weep at the Death of the fabulous Hero, who would but laugh if the Poet that made 'em were hang'd? On my Conſcience, theſe Tragedies make the Ladies vent all their Love and Honour at their Eyes, when the ſame white Hankerchief that blows their Noſes, muſt be a Winding-Sheet to the deceaſed Hero.

Lov. Then there's ſomething in the Handkerchief to embalm him, Mr. *Lyrick*, Ha, ha, ha.———But what reliſh have you of Comedy?

Lyr. No ſatisfactory one—My curioſity is fore-ſtall'd by a fore-knowledge of what ſhall happen. For as the Hero in Tragedy is either a whining cringing Fool that's always a ſtabbing himſelf, or a ranting hectoring Bully that's for killing every-body elſe: ſo the Hero in Comedy is always the Poet's Character.

Lov. What's that?

Lyr. A Compound of practical Rake, and ſpeculative Gentleman, who always bears of the great Fortune in the Play, and Shams the Beau and 'Squire with a Whore or Chambermaid; and as the Cataſtrophe of all Tragedies is Death, ſo the end of Comedies is Marriage.

Lov. And ſome think that the moſt Tragical concluſion of the two.

Lyr. And therefore my eyes are diverted by a better Comedy in the Audience than that upon the Stage.——— I have often wonder'd why Men ſhou'd be found of ſeeing Fools ill repreſented, when at the ſame time and place they may behold the mighty Originals acting their Parts to the Life in the Boxes.—

Lov. Oh be favourable to the Ladies, Mr. *Lyrick*, 'tis your Intereſt. Beauty is the Deity of Poetry; and if you rebel, you'll certainly run the Fate of your firſt Parent, the Devil.

Lyr. You're out, Sir. Beauty is a merciful Deity, and allows us ſometimes to be a little Atheiſtical; and 'tis ſo indulgent to Wit, that it is pleas'd with it, tho' in the worſt habit, that of Satyr. Beſides, there can appear no greater Argument of our Eſteem, than Raillery, becauſe 'tis

'tis ſtill founded upon Jealouſie; occaſion'd by their preferring ſenſeleſs Fops and Wealthy Fools to Men of Wit and Merit, the great Upholders of the Empire.

Lov. Now I think theſe Favourites of the Ladies are more Witty than you.

Lyr. How ſo, pray, Sir?

Lov. Becauſe they play the Fool, conſcious that it will pleaſe; and you're a Wit, when ſenſible that Coxcombs only are encourag'd. I wonder, Mr. *Lyrick*, that a man of your ſenſe ſhould turn Poet; you'll hardly ever find a Man that is capable of the Imployment will undertake it.

Lyr. The reaſon of that is, every one that knows not a tittle of the matter pretends to be a judge of it.—— By the Lard, Mr. *Lovewell*, I put the Criticks next to Plague, Peſtilence and Famine in my Litany.—— Had you ſeen 'em laſt night in the Pit, with ſuch demure ſupercilious Faces — their contemplative Wigs thruſt judiciouſly backwards; their hands rubbing their Temples to chaff ill nature; and with a hiſſing venomous Tongue pronouncing Piſh! Stuff! Intollerable! Damn him! — Lord have mercy upon us.

Lov. Ay, and you ſhall have others as fooliſh as they are ill-natur'd; fond of being thought Wits, who ſhall laugh outragiouſly at every ſmutty Jeſt; cry, Very well, by Gad; that's fine, by Heavens; and if a Dyſtich of Rhime happens, they clap ſo damnably loud, that they drown the Jeſt.

Lyr. That's the Jeſt. The Wit lies in their hands; and if you would tell a Poet his Fortune, you muſt gather it from the Palmiſtry of the Audience; for as nothing's ill ſaid, but what's ill taken; ſo nothing's well ſaid, but what's well taken. And betweeen you and I, Mr. *Lovewell*, Poetry without theſe laughing Fools, were a Bell without a Clapper; an empty ſounding bus'neſs, good for nothing; and all we Profeſſors might go hang our ſelves in the Bell-ropes.

Lov. Ha, ha, ha.——But I thought Poetry was inſtructive.

Lyr. Oh Gad forgive me, that's true; To Ladies it is morally beneficial; For you muſt know they are too nice to read Sermons; ſuch Inſtructions are too groſs for their refin'd apprehenſions: but any Precepts that may be inſtill'd by eaſie Numbers, ſuch as of *Rocheſter*, and others, make great Converts. Then they hate to hear a fellow in Church preach methodical Nonſenſe, with a *Firſtly*, *Secondly*, and *Thirdly*: but they take up with ſome of our modern Plays in their Cloſet, where the Morallity muſt be Deviliſh Inſtructive.——But I muſt be gone; here comes the 'Squire. What in the name of wonder has he got with him?

Lov. That which ſhall afford you a more plentiful Revenge than your Lampoon, if you joyn with me in the Plot. To the better effecting of which, you muſt be ſeemingly reconcil'd to him.——

Let's ſtep aſide, and obſerve 'em while I give you a hint of the matter.

[*Exeunt between the Scenes, and ſeem to confer and hearken.*

Enter Mockmode, *leading* Trudge *dreſs'd like a Widow.*

Mock. This is very fine Weather, bleſſed Weather indeed, Madam; 'twill do abundance of good to the Graſs and Corn.

Trud. Ay, Sir, the Days are grown a great length; and I think the Weather much better here than in *Ireland.*

Mock. Why, Madam, were you ever there?

Trud. Oh no, not I indeed, Sir; but I have heard my firſt Husband (Reſt his Soul) ſay ſo; he was an *Iriſh* Gentlemen.

Mock. I find, Madam, you have lov'd your firſt Husband mightily, for you affect his tone in diſcourſe.——— Pray, Madam, what did that Mourning coſt a Yard?

Trud. Oh Lard, what ſhall I ſay now? 'tis none of mine. (*Aſide.* It coſt, Sir; let me ſee ——— it coſt about —— but it was my Steward bought it for me, I never buy ſuch ſmall things.

Mock. By the Univerſe ſhe muſt be plaguy Rich; I will be brisk. (*Aſide.*) Pray, Madam — I——I pray Madam, will you give us a Song?

Trud. A Song! Indeed then I had a good voice before, Mr. *Roebuck* ſpoil'd it.

Mock. Mr. *Roebuck*? was that your firſt Husband's Name, Madam?

[*Lov. behind.*] She'll ſpoil all.

Trud. No, Sir; *Roebuck* was a Doctor, that let me blood under the Tongue for the Quinſey, and made me hoarſe ever ſince.

Mock. By the Univerſe ſhe's a Widow, and I will be a little brisk. Madam, will you grant me a ſmall favour, and I will bend upon my knees to receive it.——— (*Kneels.*

Trud. What is't, pray?

Mock. Only to take off your Garter.

Lovewell *Enters.*

Zoons, her thick Leg will diſcover all. —— By your leave, Sir, have you any pretenſions to this Lady? [*Puſhes* Mockmode *down.*

Mock. I don't know whether this be an affront or not.—(*Aſide.*)—Pretenſions, Sir? I have ſo great a Veneration for the Lady, that I honour any man that has pretenſions to her.——— Dem me, Sir, may I crave the honour of your Acquaintance?

Lov. No, Sir.

Mock. No, Sir! I gad that muſt be Wit, for it can't be good Manners. ——— Sir, I reſpect all men of ſenſe, and wou'd therefore beg to know your Name.

Lov. No

Lov. No matter, Sir; I know your Name's *Mockmode.*

Mock. By the Univerſe, that's very Comical! that a fellow ſhou'd pretend to tell me my own Name! —— Another Queſtion, if you pleaſe, Sir.

Lov. What is it, Sir?

Mock. Pray Sir, what's my Chriſten'd Name?

Lov. Sir, you don't know.

Mock. Zauns, Sir, wou'd you perſwade me out of my Chriſten'd Name? I'll lay you a Guinea that I do know, by the Univerſe.—(*Pulls a handful of Money out.*) Here's Silver, Sir, here's Silver, Sir; I can command as much Money as another, Sir; I am at Age, Sir, and I won't be bantered. Sir.

Lov. Sir, you muſt know, that I baptize you Rival; for your Love to this Lady, is the only ſign of Chriſtianity you can boaſt of.—— And now Sir, my name's *Lovewell.*

Mock. Then I ſay, Sir, that your Love to that Lady is the only ſign of a *Turk* you can brag of.——I wiſh *Club* were come. (*Aſide.*

Lov. Sir, I ſhall certainly Circumciſe you, if you make any farther pretenſions to Madam *Lucinda* here.

Mock. Circumciſe me! Circumciſe a Puddings end, Sir.—Zauns, Sir, I'll be judg'd by the Lady who merits Circumciſſion moſt, you or I, Sir. Theſe *London*-Blades are all ſtark mad;—— I met one about two hours ago, that had forgot his Name, and this fellow wou'd perſwade me now that I had forgot mine. Mr. *Lyrick* is the only man that ſpeaks plain to me. I muſt be Friends with him, becauſe I find I may have occaſion for ſuch a Friend; I'll find him out ſtrait. (*Exit.*

Lucinda *enters, and obſerves* Love. *courting* Trudge *in dum ſigns.*

Lov. Madam, will you walk.—— [*Exit with* Trudge.

Lucinda *and* Pindreſs *come forward.*

Luc. Now my doubts are remov'd.

Pin. Mine are more puzzling. There muſt be ſomething in this, more than we imagine. You had beſt talk to him.

Luc. Yes, if my Tongne bore Poyſon in it, and that I could ſpit Death in his face.

Pin. If he is loſt, your hard uſage this morning has occaſion'd it.

Luc. I'm glad on't; I've gain'd by the loſs, I deſpiſe him more now than e're I lov'd him. That Paſſion which can ſtoop ſo low as that Blowze, is an Object too mean for any thing but my ſcorn to level at.

Pin. This were a critical minute for your new Lover the 'Squire I fancy; Mr. *Lovewell*'s diſgrace wou'd bring him into favour preſently.

Luc. It

Lov. It certainly ſhall, if he be not as great a Fool as t'other's falſe.

Pin. You may be miſtaken in your opinion of him, as much as you have been in Mr. *Lovewell.*

Luc. No, *Pindreſs*, I ſhall find what I read in the laſt Miſcellanies very true.

But two diſtinctions their whole Sex does part;
All Fools by Nature, or all Rogues by Art.

SCENE *continues.*

Enter ſeveral Maſques croſſing the Stage, and Roebuck *following.*

Roeb. 'Sdeath! what a Coney-burrough's here! The Trade goes ſwimingly on. This is the great Empory of Lewdneſs, as the Change is of Knavery.——The Merchants cheat the World there, and their Wives gull them here. -- I begin to think Whoring Scandalous, 'tis grown ſo Mechanical.—— My modeſty will do me no good, I fear.--——Madam, are you a Whore?

1 *Maſ.* Yes, Sir. [*Catches a Maſque.*

Roeb. Short and pitty.———If ever Woman ſpoke truth, I believe thou haſt.

[*Second Maſque pulls him by the Elbow.*

Have you any bus'neſs with me, Madam?

2 *Maſ.* Pray, Sir be civil; you're miſtaken, Sir.——I have had an Eye upon this fellow all this afternoon. (*Aſide.*) you're miſtaken, Sir.

Roeb. Very likely, Madam; for I imagin'd you modeſt.

2 *Maſ.* So I am, for I'm marry'd.

Roeb. And marry'd to your ſorrow, I warrant you!

2 *Maſ.* Yes, upon my Honour, Sir.

Roeb. I knew it. I have met above a dozen this Evening, all marry'd to their Sorrow.———Then I ſuppoſe you're a Citizen's Wife; and by the broadneſs of your bottom, I ſhou'd geuſs you ſat very much behind a Counter.

2 *Maſ.* My Husband's no Mercer, he's a Judge.

Roeb. Zoons! A Judge! I ſhall be arraign'd at the Bar for keeping on my Hat ſo long. —'Tis very hard, Madam, he ſhou'd not do you Juſtice: Has not he an Eſtate in Tail, Madam?

2 *Maſ.* I ſeldom examine his Papers; They are a parcel of old dry ſhrvel'd Parchments; and this Court-hand is ſo deviliſh crabbed, I can't endure it.

Roeb. Umph!—Then I ſuppoſe, Madam, you want a young Lawyer to put your Caſe to. But faith, Madam, I'm a Judge too.

2 *Maſ.* Oh Heav'ns forbid! ſuch a young Man?

Roeb. That's, I'll do nothing without a Bribe.—Pray, Madam, how does that Watch ſtrike?

2 *Maſ.*

2 *Maſ.* It never ſtrikes, it only points to the buſineſs, as you muſt do, without telling Tales. Dare you meet me two hours hence?

Roeb. Ay, Madam, but I ſhall never hit the time exactly without a Watch.

2 *Maſ.* Well, take it. —At Ten exactly, at the Fountain in the *Middle Temple*. *Cook upon Littleton* be the word. (*Exit.*

Roeb. So——If the Law be all ſuch Volumes as thou, Mercy on the poor Students. From *Cook upon Littleton* in Sheets deliver me.

Enter Lovewell.

Lov. What! engag'd Mirmydon! I find you'll never quit the Battle till you have crack'd a Pike in the Service.

Roeb. Oh dear friend! thou'rt critically come to my Relief; for faith I'm almoſt tir'd.

Lov. What a miſerable Creature is a Whore! whom every Fool dares pretend to love, and every Wiſe Man hates.

Roeb. What, morallizing again! Oh I'll tell thee News, Man; I'm enter'd in the Inns, by the Lard.

Lov. Pſhaw!

Roeb. Nay, if you won't believe me, ſee my Note of admiſſion. [*ſhews the Watch.*

Lov. A Gold Watch, boy?

Roeb. Ay, a Gold Watch, boy,

Lov. Whence had you money to buy it?

Roeb. I took it upon tick, and I deſign to pay honeſtly.

Lov. I don't like this running o'th' Score.—But what News from *Lucinda*, boy? Is ſhe kind? ha?

Enter a Maſque croſſing the Stage.

Roeb. Ha! there's a ſtately Cruiſer; I muſt give her one chaſe.—I'll tell you when I return. (*Exit running.*

Lov. I find he has been at a loſs there, which occaſions his eagerneſs for the Game here. I begin to repent me of my ſuſpicion; I believe her Vertue ſo ſacred that 'tis a piece of Atheiſm to diſtruſt its Exiſtence. But jealouſie in Love, like the Devil in Religion, is ſtill raiſing doubts which without a firm Faith in what we adore, will certainly damn us.

Enter a Porter.

Por. Is your name Mr. *Roebuck*, Sir?

Lov. What wou'd you have with Mr. *Roebuck*, Sir?

Por. I have a ſmall Note for him, Sir.

Lov. Let me ſee't.

Por. Ay, Sir, if your name be Mr. *Roebuck*, Sir.

Lov. My

Lov. My Name is *Roebuck*, Blockhead.

Por. God bleſs you, maſter. [*Gives him a Letter, and Exit.*

Lov. This is ſome tawdry Billet, with a ſcrawling Adieu at the end on't. Theſe ſtrolling Jades know a young wholeſome fellow newly come to Town, as well as a Parſons Wife does a fat Gooſe. 'Tis certainly ſome ſecret, and therefore ſhall be known. (*Opens the Letter.*

SIR, *Tueſday* three a Clock.

MY behaviour towards you this morning was ſomewhat ſtrange; but I ſhall tell you the cauſe of it, if you meet me at Ten this night in our Garden; the Back-door ſhall be open.

Yours *Lucinda.*

Oh Heavens! certainly it can't be! *L, U, C, I, N, D, A*; that ſpells Woman. 'Twas never written ſo plain before. *Roebuck*, thou'rt as true an Oracle, as ſhe's a falſe one. Oh thou damn'd Sybil! I have courted thee theſe three years, and cou'd never obtain above a Kiſs of the hand, andthis fellow in an hour or two has obtain'd *the back door open.* Mr. *Roebuck*, ſince I have diſcover'd ſome of your Secrets, I'll make bold to open ſome more of 'em.——But how ſhall I ſhake him off? ——Oh, I have it; I'll ſeek him inſtantly. (*Exit.*

Enter Roebuck *meeting the Porter.*

Roeb. Here, you Sir, have you a Note for one *Roebuck*?

Por. I had, Sir; but I gave it to him juſt now.

Roeb. You lie, Sirrah, I am the Man.

Por. I an't poſitive I gave it to the right perſon; but I'm very ſure I did; for he anſwer'd the Deſcription the Page gave to a T, Sir.

Roeb. 'Twas well I met that Page, Dog, or now ſhou'd I cut thy Throat, Raſcal.

Por. Bleſs your Worſhip, Noble Sir. (*Exit.*

Roeb. At Ten, in the Garden! the back-door open!——Oh the delicious place and hour! ſoft panting breaſts! trembling Joynts! melting Sighs! and eager Embraces!——Oh Extaſie!——But how to ſhake off *Lovewell*?—This is his nicely Vertuous! Ha, ha, ha.——This is his innate Principle of Vertue? Ha, ha, ha.

Enter Lovewell.

Lov. How now why ſo merry?

Roeb. Merry! why, 'twou'd make a Dog ſplit, Man; Ha, ha, ha.——The Watch Sir, the Watch; Ha, ha, ha.

Lov. What

Lov. What of the Watch? you laugh by the hour; you'll be run down by and by ſure.

Roeb. Ay, but I ſhall be wound up again. This Watch I had for a Fee, Lawyer:—Shou'd I ever be try'd before this Judge, how I ſhou'd laugh, to ſee how gravely his Gooſe-Caps ſits upon a pair of Horns. Ha, ha, ha.

Lov. Thou'rt Horn-mad. Prithee leave impertinence. I receiv'd a Note juſt now.

Roeb. A Note! 'Sdeath, what Note! what d'ye mean? who brought it?

Lov. A Gentleman; 'tis a Challenge.

Roeb. Oh, thanks to the Stars; I'm glad on't. (*Aſide.*

Lov And you may be ſignally ſerviceable to me in this affair. I can give you no greater teſtimony of my Affection, than by making ſo free with you.

Roeb. What needs all this formality? I'll be thy ſecond, without all this impertinence.

Lov. There's more than that, Friend. In the firſt place, I don't underſtand a Sword; and again, I'm to be call'd to the Bar this Term, and ſuch a buſineſs might prejudice me extreamly. So, Sir, you muſt meet and fight for me.

Roeb. Faith, *Lovewell*, I ſhan't ſtick to cut a Throat for my Friend at any time, ſo I may do it fairly, or ſo.—— The hour and place?

Lov. This very Evening, in *Moorfields.*

Roeb. Umph! How will you employ your ſelf the while?

Lov. I'll follow you at a diſtance, leſt you have any foul play.

Roeb. Which if you do. No, faith *Ned*, ſince I'm to anſwer an appointment for you, you muſt make good an aſſignation for me. I'm to meet one of your Ladies at the Fountain in the Temple to night. You may be called to the Bar there, if you will. This Watch will tell you the Hour, and ſhall be your Paſs-port. Let me have yours.—

[*Changes Watches.*

Lov. Oh, was that the Jeſt? Ha, ha, ha. — Well, I will anſwer an Aſſignation for you ſure enough. Ha, ha, ha. — How ready does the Fool run to have his Throat cut? (*Aſide.*

Roeb. How eagerly now does my moral Friend run to the Devil, having hopes of Profit in the Wind! I have ſhabb'd him off purely.—— But prithee, *Ned*, where had you this fine Jewel? (*Viewing one tied to the Watch.*

Lov. Pſhaw! a Trifle, a Trifle; from a Miſtreſs.—— Take care on't tho'. But hark ye, *Goerge*; don't puſh too home; have a care of whipping through the Guts.

Roeb. Gad I'm afraid one or both of us may fall. But d'ye hear, *Ned*, remember you ſent me on this Errant, and are therefore anſwerable for all miſchief; if I do whip my Adverſary through the Lungs, or ſo re-

member your ſet me upon't.

Lov. Well, honeſt *George*, you won't believe how much you oblige me in this Courteſie.

Roeb. You know always I oblige my ſelf by ſerving my Friend.—I never thought this Spark was a Coward before. (*Aſide.*

Lov. I never imagin'd this Fellow was ſo eaſie before.——— (*Aſide.* Well, good ſucceſs to us both; and when we meet, we'll relate all Tranſactions that paſs.

Roeb. That you're a Fool.

Lov. That you're an Aſs. [*Exeunt ſeverally, laughing.*

Re-Enter Lovewell *croſſing the Stage haſtily*, Mockmode *and* Lyrick *following him.*

Lyr. Mr. *Lovewell*, a word w'ye.

Lov. Let it be ſhort, pray Sir, for my bus'neſs is urgent, and 'tis almoſt dark.

Lyr. I'm reconcil'd to the Squire, and want only the Preſentment of a Copy of Verſes, to ingratiate my ſelf wholly throughly. Let me have that piece I lent juſt now.

Lov. Ay, ay, with all my heart.—Here,—Farewell. [*Pulls the Poem haſtily, and juſtles out a Letter with it, which* Mockmod *takes up,*

Lyr. Now, Sir, here's a Poem, (which according to the way of us Poets) I ſay was written at fifteen; but between you and I it was made at five and twenty.

Mock. Five and twenty!—When is a Poet at Age, pray Sir?

Lyr. At the third night of his firſt Play; for he's never a Man till then.

Mock. But when at years of diſcretion?

Lyr. When they leave Writing, and that's ſeldom or never.

Mock. But who are your Guardians?

Lyr. The Criticks, who with their good will, wou'd never let us come to Age. But what have you got there?

Mock. By the Univerſe, I don't know; 'tis a Woman's hand; ſome Billet-deux, I ſuppoſe; it juſtl'd out of *Lovewell*'s Pocket. We'll to the next Light, and read it. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE a dark Arbor in Lucinda's Garden.

Enter Roebuck *Solus.*

Roeb. Oh how I reverence a back-dore half open, half ſhut! 'Tis the narrow Gate to the Lovers Paradice; Cupid ſtood Centry at the entrance; *Love* was the Word, and he let me paſs—Now is my friend pleading for Life; he has a puzzling Caſe to manage. Ten to one he's Nonſuted; I have gull'd him fairly.

Enter Lov.

Enter Lovewell.

Lov. I've got in, thanks to my Stars, or rather the Clouds, whose influence is my best Friend at present. Now is *Roebuck* gazing, or rather groping about for a Fellow with a long sword; and I know his fighting humour will be as mad to be baulk'd by an Enemy, as by a Mistress.

Roeb. Hark, hark! I hear a Voice; it must be she. — *Lucinda!*

Lov. True to the touch, I find. Is it you, my Dear

Roeb. Yes, my Dear.

Lov. Let me embrace thee, my heart.

Roeb. Come to my Arms.— [*Run into each others Arms. Finding the mistake, start back.*

Lov. 'Slife! a Man!

Roeb. 'Sdeath! a Devil! — And wert thou a Legion, here's a Wand shou'd conjure thee down — (*Draws.*

Lov. We should find whose Charms is strongest. (*Draws.*

[*They push by one another*; Roebuck *passes out at the opposite door: and as* Lovewell *is passing out on the other side of the Stage.*

Enter Leanthe.

Lean. Mr. *Roebuck*? Sir? Mr. *Roebuck*? [*With a Night-Gown over his Cloaths.*

Lov. That's a Woman's Voice, I'll swear. — Madam? —

Lean. Sir.

Lov. Come, my dear *Lucinda*; I've staid a little too long; but making an Apology now were only lengthening the offence. Let's into the Arbor, and make up for the moments mispent.

Lean. Hold, Sir. Do you love this *Lucinda* you're so fond of hauling into the Arbor?

Lov. Yes, by all that's powerful.

Lean. False, false *Roebuck*! — (*Aside.*) — I am lost.

Lov. Madam, do you love this *Roebuck*, that you open'd the Garden door to so late?

Lean. I'm afraid I do too well.

Lov. And did you never own an affection to another?

Lean. No, witness all those Powers you just now mention'd.

Lov. Revenge your selves, ye Heavens. Behold in me your Accuser and your Judge. Behold *Lovewell*, injur'd *Lovewell*. — This darkness, which opportunely hides your blushes, makes your shame more Monstrous.

Lean. Ha! *Lovewell*! I'm vex'd 'tis he, but glad to be mistaken. — Now Female Policy assist me.

Lov. Yes, Madam, your silence prolaims you Guilty — Farewell Woman.

Lean. Ha, ha, ha.

Lov. What am I made your ſcorn?

Lean. Ha, ha, ha.—This happens better than I expected.——Ha, ha, ha.—Mr. *Lovewell*!

Lov. No Counter-plotting, Madam; the Mine's ſprung already and all your deceit diſcovered.

Lean. Indeed you're a fine fellow at diſcovering deceits, I muſt confeſs, that cou'd not find whether I was a Man or a Woman all this time.

Lov. What, the Page!

Lean. No Counter-plotting, good Sir, the Mine's ſprung already.—Ah, Sir, I fancy Mr. *Roebuck* is better at diſcovering a Man from a Woman in the dark, than you.

Lov. This diſcovery is the greateſt Riddle!—Prithee, Child, what makes thee diſguis'd? But above all, what meant that Letter to *Roebuck*?

Lean. Then I find you intercepted it.—Why, Sir, my Lady had a mind to put a trick upon the impudent Fellow, made him an Aſſignation, and ſent me in her ſtead, to banter him, But when I tell her how you fell into the ſnare, and how jealous you were.——Ha, ha, ha.

Lov. Oh my little dear Rogue! was that the matter?— [*Hugs her.*] O' my Conſcience thou'rt ſo ſoft, I believe thou art a Woman ſtill.—— But who was that Man I encountred juſt now?

Lean. A Man! 'Twas certainly *Roebuck*.—(*Aſide.*) Some of the Footmen, I ſuppoſe.——Come, Sir, I muſt Conduct you out immediately, leſt ſome more of 'em meet you. [*Conducts him to the door, and returns.* He certainly was here, and I have miſs'd him.

Fortune delights with Innocence to play,
And Love's to hoodwink thoſe already blind.
Wary deceit can many by-ways tread,
To ſhun the blocks in Vertues open Road,
Whilſt heedleſs Innocence ſtill falls on Ruin
Yet, whilſt by Love inſpir'd, I will purſue;
What Men by Courage, we by Love can do.
Not even his falſhood ſhall my Claim remove;
From mutual Fires none can true paſſion prove;
For like to like, is Gratitude, not Love.

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE, An Antichamber in Lucinda's *houſe; The Flat Scene half open, diſcovers a Bed-Chamber;* Lucinda *in her Night-Gown, and reading by a Table.*

Enter Roebuck *groping his way.*

Roeb. ON what new happly Climate am I thrown? This houſe is Loves Labyrinth; I have ſtumbled into it by chance.—— Ha! an Illuſion! Let me look again.——Eyes, if you play me falſe, (*Looking about*) I'll pluck ye out.——'Tis ſhe; 'tis *Lucinda*! alone, undreſs'd, in a Bed-Chamber, between Eleven and Twelve a Clock.——A bleſſed opportunity!———Now if her innate Principle of Vertue defend her, then is my innate Principle of Manhood not worth Two-pence.—Hold, ſhe comes forward.— [Lucinda *approaches, reading.*

Luc. Unjuſt Prerogative of faithleſs Man,
Abuſing Pow'r which partial Heaven has granted!
In former Ages, Love and Honour ſtood
As Props and Beauties to the Female Cauſe;
But now lie proſtitute to ſcorn and ſport.
Man, made our Monarch, is a Tyrant grown,
And Woman-kind muſt bear a ſecond Fall.

Roeb. (*Aſide.*) Ay, and a third too, or I'm miſtaken.——— I muſt divert this plaguy Romantick humour.

Luc. While Vertue guided Peace, and Honour War,
Their Fruits and Spoils were off'rings made to Love.

Roeb. And 'tis ſo ſtill; for (*Raiſing his Voice.*)
Beau with earlieſt Cherries Miſs does grace,
And Soldier offers ſpoils of *Flanders* Lace.

Luc. Ha!—Protect me Heav'ns! what art thou?

Roeb. A Man, Madam.

Luc. What accurſed Spirit has driven you hitherto?

Roeb. The Spirit of Fleſh and Blood, Madam.

Luc. Sir, what Encouragement have you ever received to prompt you to this Impudence?

Roeb. Umph! I muſt not own the reception of a Note from her. (*Aſide.*

Madam,

Faith, Madam, I know not whether to attribute it to Chance, Fortune, my good Stars, my Fate, or my Deſtiny: But here I am, Madam, and here I will be. [*Taking her by the hand.*

Luc. (*Pulling her hand away.*) If a Gentleman, my Commands may cauſe you withdraw; If a Ruffian, my Footmen ſhall diſpoſe of you.

Roeb. Madam, I'm a Gentleman; I know how to oblige a Lady, and how to ſave her Reputation. My Love and Honour go link'd together; they are my Principles: and if you'll be my Second, we'll engage immediately.

Luc. Stand off, Sir; the name of Love and Honour are burleſqu'd by thy Profeſſing 'em. Thy Love is Impudence, and thy Honour a Cheat. Thy Mien and Habit ſhew thee a Gentleman? but thy behaviour is Brutal. Thou art a *Centaur*; only one part Man, and the other Beaſt.

Roeb. Philoſophy in Petticoats! No wonder Women wear the Breeches; (*aſide.*) and, Madam, you are a Demi-Goddeſs; only one part Woman, t'other Angel; and thus divided, claim my Love and Adoration.

Luc. Honourable Love is the Parent of mankind; but thine is the Corruptor and Debaſer of it. The Paſſion of you Libertines is like your Drunkeneſs; heat of Luſt, as t'other is of Wine, and off with the next Sleep.

Roeb. No, Madam; an Hair of the ſame ——— is my Receipt—— Come, come, Madam, all things are laid to reſt that will diſturb our Pleaſure, whole Nature favours us; the kind indulgent Stars that directed me hither, wink at what we are about. 'Twere Jilting of Fortune to be now idle, and ſhe, like a true Woman, once baulk'd, never affords a ſecond opportunity.——— I'll put out the Candle, the Torch of Love ſhall light us to Bed.

Luc. To Bed, Sir! Thou haſt Impudence enough to draw thy Rationality in Queſtion. Whence proceeds it? From a vain thought of thy own Graces, or an opinion of my Vertue? ——— If from the latter, know that I am a Woman, whoſe modeſty dare not doubt my Vertue; yet have ſo much Pride to ſupport it, that the dying Groans of thy whole Sex at my feet ſhou'd not extort an immodeſt thought from me.

Roeb. Your thoughts may be as modeſt as you pleaſe, Madam.—— You ſhall be as Vertuous to morrow morning as e're a Nun in *Europe*, the opinion of the World ſhall proclaim you ſuch, and that's the ſureſt Charter the moſt rigid Vertue in *England* is held by. The Night has no Eyes no to ſee, nor have I a Tongue to tell: One kiſs ſhall ſeal up my Lips for ever.

Luc. That uncharitable Cenſure of Women, argues the meaneſs of thy Converſation.

Roeb. Her ſuperiour Vertue awes me into coldneſs. 'Slife! it can't be Twelve ſure.——— Night's a Lyar. (*Draws out his Watch.*

Luc. Sir,

Luc. Sir, if you won't be gone, I muſt fetch thoſe ſhall Conduct you hence.—! my Eyes are dazled ſure, Pray, Sir let me ſeethat Jewel. [*Paſſing by him towards the door, ſhe perceives the Jewel ty'd to the Watch.*

Roeb. By Heavens ſhe has a mind to't!—Oh, 'tis at your ſervice with all my Soul.

Luc. Wrong not my Vertue by ſo poor a thought.——But anſwer directly, as you are a Gentleman, to what I now ſhall ask:—whence had you that Jewel?

Roeb. I exchanged Watches with a Gentleman, and had this Jewel into the bargain. He valu'd it not, 'twas a Trifle from a Miſtreſs.

Luc. A Trifle ſaid he? —— Oh Indignation! ſlighted thus!—I'll put a Jewel out of his power, that he would pawn his Soul to retrieve.——If you be a Gentleman, Sir, whom Gratitude can work up to Love, or a Vertuous Wife reclaim, I'll make you a large return for that Trifle.

Roeb. Hey-day! a Wife ſaid ſhe!

Luc. What's your Name, Sir? and of what Country?

Roeb. My Name's *Roebuck*, Madam.

Luc. Roebuck.

Roeb. 'Sdeath! I forgot my Inſtructions.——*Mockmode*, Madam.——*Roebuck Mockmode*, my Name, and Sir-name.

Luc. Mockmode my 'Squire! it can't be! But if it ſhou'd, I've made the better Exchange.——Of what Family are you, Sir?

Roeb. Of *Mockmode*-Hall in *Shropſhire*, Madam. My Father's lately dead; I came lately from the Univerſity; I have fifteen hundred Acers of as good fighting Ground as any in *England*.—'Twas lucky I met that Blockhead to day. (*Aſide.*

Luc. The very ſame.——And had you any directions to court a Lady in *London*.

Roeb. Umph!——How ſhou'd I have found the way hither elſe, Madam. What the Devil will this come to? (*Aſide.*

Luc. My Fool that I dreamt of, I find a pretty Gentleman.——Dreams go by contraries.——Well, Sir, I am the Lady; and if your Deſigns are Honourable, I'm yours, take a turn in the Garden, till I ſend for my Chaplain, you muſt take me immediately, for if I cool, I'm loſt for ever. (*Exit.*

Roeb. I think I am become a very ſober *Shropſhire* Gentleman in good earneſt; I don't ſtart at the name of a Parſon.——Oh Fortune! Fortune! what art thou doing? If thou and my Friend will throw me into the arms of a fine Lady, and great Fortune, how the Devil can I help it! Oh but, Zoons, there's Marriage! Ay, but there's Money.—— Oh but there are Children; ſqawling Children. Ay but then there are *Rickets* and *Small-Pox*, which perhaps may carry them all away.——Oh but there's Horns! Horns!

Ay

Ay, but then I ſhall go to Heaven, for 'tis but reaſonable, ſince all Marriages are made in Heaven, that all Cuckolds ſhould go thither. —But then there's *Leanthe*! That ſticks. I love her, witneſs, Heaven, I love her to that degree.— —Pſhaw, I ſhall whine preſently. I love her as well as any Woman; and what can ſhe expect more? I can't drag a Lover's Chain a hundred Miles by Land and a hundred Leagues by Water.———Fortune has decreed it otherwiſe.— So lead on, blind Guide, I follow thee; and when the blind lead the blind, no wonder they both fall into Matrimony.

(*Going out, meets* Leanthe.

Oh my dear auſpicious little *Mercury*! let me kiſs thee. ——Go tell thy Charming Miſtreſs I obey her Commands. (*Exit.*

Enter Leanthe.

Lean. Her Commands! Oh Heavens! I muſt follow him. (*going.*

Luc. Page, Page.

Lean. Oh my curs'd Fortune! baulk'd again!———Madam.

Luc. Call my Chaplain; I'm to be married preſently.

Lean. Married ſo ſuddenly! To whom, pray Madam?

Luc. To the Gentleman you met going hence juſt now.

Lean. Oh Heavens! your Ladiſhip is not in earneſt, Madam?

Luc. What, is Matrimony to be made a Jeſt of? don't be impertinent, Boy; call him inſtantly.

Lean. What ſhall I do?—— Oh, Madam, ſuſpend it till the morning, for Heaven's ſake. Mr. *Lovewell* is in the Houſe; I met him not half an hour ago; and he will certainly kill the Gentleman, and perhaps harm your Ladyſhip.

Luc. *Lovewell* in my houſe! How came he hither?

Lean. I know not, Madam. I ſaw him and talk'd to him; he had his Sword drawn, and he threatned every body. Pray delay it to night, Madam.

Luc. No, I'm reſolv'd; and I'll prevent his diſcovering us; I'll put on a ſuit of your Cloaths, and order *Pindreſs* to carry her Night-Gown to the Gentleman in the Garden, and bid him meet me in the lower Arbor, in the Weſt Corner, and ſend the Chaplain thither inſtantly. (*Exit.*

Lean. Hold, Fortune, hold; thou haſt entirely won;
For I am loſt. Thus long I have been rack'd
On thy tormenting Wheel, and now my Heart-ſtrings break,
Diſcovering who I am, expoſes me to ſhame.
Then what on Earth can help me?

Enter Pindreſs.

Pind. Oh Lord, Page, what's the matter? Here's old doings, or rather new doings. Prithee let you and I throw in our Two-pence a piece into this Marriage-Lottery.

Lean. You'll

Lean. You'll draw nothing but Blanks, I'll assure you, from me.—— But stay, let me consider o'th' bus'ness.

Pin. No consideration; the bus'ness must be done hand over head.

Lean. Well, I have one Card to play still; and with you, *Pindress.* (*Takes her hand.*

Pin. You expect tho' that I shou'd turn up Trumps?

Lean. No, not if I shuffle right. (*Aside.*) —Well, *Pindress*, 'tis a Match. Be gone to the lower Arbor at the West Corner of the Garden, and I'll come to thee immediately with the Chaplain. You must not whisper, for we must pass upon the Chaplain for my Lady and the Gentleman.——Haste.

Pin. Shan't I put on my New Gown first?

Lean. No, no; you shall have a Green Gown for your Wedding in the Arbor.

Pin. A Green Gown?——Well, all Flesh is Grass.

Lean. Make haste, my spouse, fly.

Pin. And will you come? will you be sure to come?—O my little Green Gooseberry, my Teeth waters at ye.—— (*Exit.*

Lean. Now Chance.——No, thou'rt blind.

Then Love, be thou my Guide, and set me right;
Tho' blind, like Chance, you have best Eyes by Night. (*Exit.*

SCENE *Bullfinches's* House.

Enter Lovewell, Brush, *and Servant.*

Lov. Mr. *Lyrick* abroad, saist thou? and *Mocknode* with him?

Serv. All abroad, my Mistress and all.

Lov. I don't understand this——*Brush*, run to *Lucinda's* Lodgings, and observe what's a doing there: I spy'd some hasty Lights glancing thro' the Rooms; I'll follow you presently. (*Exit* Brush.)—Can't you inform me which way they went.

Serv. Perhaps Mr. *Mocknode's* man can inform ye.

Lov. Pray call him.

Serv. Mr. *Club*, Mr. *Club*.

Lov. What is the fellow deaf?

Serv. No, Sir; but he's asleep, and in bed.—Mr. *Club*, Mr. *Club*.

Club. Augh—(*yawning*) I'm asleep, I'm asleep; don't wake me.—Augh.

Serv. Here's a Gentleman wants ye.

Enter Club, *with his Coat unbutton'd, his Garter's unti'd, scratching and yawning, as newly wak'ned from Bed.*

Club. Pox o' your *London*-breeding; what makes you waken a Man out of his sleep that way.

Lov. Where's your Master, pray Sir?

Club. Augh.———'Tis a ſad thing to be broken of ones reſt this way.

Lov. Can you inform me where your Maſter's gone?

Club. My Maſter?—Augh——— (*ſtretching and yawning.*

Lov. Yes, Sir, your Maſter,

Club. My Maſter?———Augh——— What a Clock is it, Sir? I believe 'tis paſt Midnight, for I have gotten my firſt ſleep——Augh.——

Lov. Thou'rt aſleep ſtill, Blockhead. Anſwer me, or——where's your Maſter?

Club. Augh—I had the pleaſanteſt Dream when you call'd me——Augh———I thought my Maſter's great black Stone-horſe, had broke looſe among the Mares——Augh—— and ſo, Sir, you call'd me——Augh——— and ſo I waken'd.

Love. Sirrah, (*ſtrikes him*)———Now your dream's out, I hope.

Club. Zauns, Sir! what d'ye mean, Sir? My Maſter's as good a Man as you, Sir; Dem me, Sir?

Lov. Tell me preſently, where your Maſter is, Sirrah, or I'll duſt the ſecret out of your Jacket.

Club. Oh, Sir, your Name's *Lovewell*, Sir!

Love. What then, Sir?

Club. Why then my Maſter is———where you are not, Sir.———My Maſter's in a fine Ladies Arms, and you are———here, I take it. (*Shrugging.*

Lov. Has he got a Whore a Bed with him?

Club. He may be Father to the Son of a Whore by this time, if your Miſtreſs *Lucinda* be one, Mr. *Lyrick* did his bus'neſs, and my Maſter will do her bus'neſs I warrant him, if o'th' right *Shropſhire* breed which I'm ſure he is, for my Mother nurs'd him on my Milk.

Lov. Two Calves ſuckl'd on the ſame Cow——Ha, ha, ha. Gramercy Poet, has he brought the Play to a Cataſtrophe ſo ſoon? A rare Executioner, to clap him in the Female Pillory already! Ha, ha, ha.

Club. Ay, Sir; and a Pillory that you wou'd give your Ears for, I warrant you think my Maſter's over head and ears in the Iriſh Quagmire you wou'd have drown'd him in. But, Sir, we have found the bottom on't.

Lov. He may paſs over the Quagmire, Sirrah, for there were Stepping-ſtones laid in his way.

Club. He has got over dry-ſhod, I'll aſſure you.——Pray, Sir, did not you receive a Note from *Lucinda*, the true *Lucinda*, to meet her at Ten in her Garden to Night.——Why don't you laugh now? Ha, ha, ha.

Lov. 'Sdeath, Raſcal, What Intelligence can you have of that?

Club. Hold,

Club. Hold, Sir, I have more Intelligence. You threw Mr. *Lyrick* his Poem in a hurrey in the Park, and juſtled that ſweet Letter out of your Pocket, Sir. This Letter fell into my Maſter's hands, Sir, and diſcovered your Sham, Sir, your Trick, Sir. Now Sir, I think you're as deep in the Mud as he is in the Mire.

Lov. Curs'd misfortune!—And where are they gone, Sir? Quickly, the Truth, the whole Truth, Dog, or I'll ſpit you like a Sparrow.

Club. I deſign to tell you, Sir. Mr. *Lyrick*, Sir, being my Maſter's intimate Friend, or ſo, upon a Bribe of a hundred Pounds, or ſo, has ſided with him, taken him to *Lucinda*'s Garden in your ſtead, and there's a Parſon, and all, and ſo forth.——Now, Sir, I hope the Poet has brought the Play to a very good Cata-Cata—what d'ye call him, Sir?

Lov. 'Twas he I incounter'd in the Garden.—'Sdeath! Trick'd by the Poet! I'll cut off one of his Limbs, I'll make a Synelepha of him; I'll—

Club. He, he, he!—Two Calves ſuck'd on the ſame Cow!—He, he!—

Lov. Nay then I begin with you. (*Drubs him.*

Club. Zauns! Murder! Dem me! Zauns! Murder! Zauns! [*Runs off, and* Lovewell *after him.*

SCENE *changes to the Anti-Chamber in* Lucinda's *houſe*; *a Hat, and Sword on the Table. Enter* Bruſh.

Bruſh. I have been peeping and crouching about like a Cat a Mouſing. Ha! I ſmell a Rat—A Sword and Hat!—There are certainly a pair of Breeches appertaining to theſe, and may be lap'd up in my Ladies Lavender, who knows!—— (*liſtens.*

Enter Lovewell *in a hurry.*

Lov. What, Sir? What are you doing? I'm ruin'd trick'd.——

Bruſh. I believe ſo too, Sir.—See here.— (*Shews the Hat and Sword.*

Lov. By all my hopes, *Roebuck*'s Hat and Sword. This is miſchief upon miſchief. Run you to the Garden, Sirrah; and if you find any body, ſecure 'em; I'll ſearch the Houſe.—I'm ruin'd!—Fly.—*Roebuck*?—what hoa?—*Roebuck*?—hoa?

Enter Roebuck *unbutton'd; runs to* Lovewell, *and embraces him.*

Roeb. Dear, dear *Lovewell*, wiſh me Joy, wiſh me Joy, my Friend.

Lov. Of what, Sir?

Roeb. Of the deareſt, tenderſt, whiteſt, ſofteſt Bride, that ever bleſt Man's Arms. I'm all Air, all a *Cupid*, all Wings, and muſt fly again to her embraces. Detain me not, my Friend.

Lov. Hold, Sir; I hope you mock me; tho' that it ſelf's unkind.

Roeb. Mock you!—By Heav'ns no; ſhe's more than ſenſe can bear, or Tongue expreſs.——Oh *Lucinda*! ſhou'd Heaven——

Lov. Hold, Sir; no more.

Roeb. I'm on the Rack of Pleaſure, and muſt confeſs all.

When her soft, melting white, and yielding Waste,
Within my pressing Arms was folded fast,
Our lips were melted down by heat of Love,
And lay incorporate in liquid kisses,
Whilst in soft broken, sighs, we catch'd each other's Souls.

Lov. Come, come, *Roebuck*, no more of this Extravagance. —— By Heav'n I swear you shan't marry her.

Roeb. By Heaven I swear so too, for I'm married already.

Lov. Then thou'rt a Villain.

Roeb. A Villain, Man! —— Pshaw! that's Nonsence. A poor fellow can no sooner get married, than you imagine he may be call'd a Villain presently. —— You may call me a Fool, a Blockhead, or an Ass, by the Authority of Custom: But why a Villain, for God's sake?

Lov. Did not you engage to meet and fight a Gentleman for me in *Moorfields*?

Roeb. Did not you promise to engage a Lady for me at the Fountain, Sir?

Lov. This *Lucinda* is my Mistress, Sir.

Roeb. This *Lucinda*, Sir, is my Wife.

Lov. Then this decides the matter. — Draw. (*Throws* Roebuck, *his Sword, and draws his own.*

Roeb. Prithee be quiet, Man, I've other bus'ness to mind on my Wedding-night. I must in to my Bride. (*Going.*

Lov. Hold, Sir; move a step, and by Heavens I'll stab thee.

Roeb. Put up, put up; Pshaw, I an't prepar'd to dye; I an't, Devil take me.

Lov. Do you dally with me, Sir?

Roeb. Why you won't be so unconscionable as to kill a Man so suddenly; I han't made my Will yet. Perhaps I may leave you a Legacy.

Lov. Pardon me Heaven's, if prest'd by stinging taunts, my Passion urge my Arm to act what's foul. (*Offers to push at him.*

Roeb. Hold. (*Taking up his Sword.*) 'Tis safest making Peace, they say, with Sword in hand. —— I'll tell thee what, *Ned*; I would not lose this Nights Pleasure for the honour of fighting and vanquishing the Seven Champions of *Christendom*. Permit me then but this Night to return to the Arms of my dear Bride, and faith and troth I'll take a fair Thrust with you to morrow morning.

Lov. What, beg a poor Reprieve for Life! — Then thou'rt a Coward.

Roeb. You imagin'd the contrary, when you employ'd me to fight for ye in *Moorfields*.

Lov. Will nothing move thy Gall? —— Thou'rt base, ungrateful.

Roeb. Ungrateful! I love thee, *Ned*, by Heavens, my Friend, I love thee: therefore name not that word again, for such a repetition would over-pay all thy favours.

Lov. A cheap, a very cheap way of making acknowledgment, and therefore thou hast catch'd, which makes thee more ungrateful!

Roeb. My Friendship even yet does balance Passion; but throw in the least grain more of an affront, and by Heaven you turn the Scale.

Lov. (*Pausing.*) No, I've thought better; my Reason clears: She is not worth my Sword; a Bully only shou'd draw in her defence, for she's false, a Prostitute. (*Puts up his Sword.*

Roeb. A Prostitute! By Heaven thou ly'st. (*Draws.*)—Thou hast blasphem'd. Her Vertue answers the uncorrupted state of Woman; so much above Immodesty, that it mocks Temptation. She has convinc'd me of the bright Honour of her Sex, and I stand Champion now for the fair Female Cause.

Lov. Then I have lost what naught on Earth can pay. Curse on all doubts, all Jealousies, that destroy our present happiness, by mistrusting the future. Thus mis-believers making their Heaven uncertain, find a certain Hell.——And is she Vertuous?——sound the bold charge aloud, which does proclaim me Guilty.

Roeb. By Heavens as Vertuous as thy Sister.

Lov. My Sister;——Ha!——I fear, Sir, your Marriage with *Lucinda* has wrong'd my Sister; for her you courted, and I heard she lov'd you.

Roeb. I courted her, 'tis true, and lov'd her also; nay, my Love to her, rivall'd my Friendship tow'rds; and had my Fate allow'd me time for thought, her dear remembrance might have stopt the Marriage. But since 'tis past, I must own to you, to her, and all the World, that I cast off all former Passion, and shall henceforth confine my Love to the dear Circle of her Charming Arms from which I just now parted.

Enter Leanthe *in Woman's loose Apparel.*

Lean. I take you at your word. These are the Arms that hold you.

Roeb. Oh Gods and Happiness! *Leanthe!*

Lov. My Sister! Heavens! it cannot be.

Roeb. By Heavens it can, it shall, it must be so——For none on Earth could give such Joys but she——Who wou'd have thought my Joys cou'd bear increase? *Lovewell*, my Friend! this is thy Sister! 'tis *Leanthe*! my Mistress, my Bride, my Wife.

Lean. I am your Sister, Sir, as such I beg you to pardon the effects of violent passion, which has driven me into some imprudent Actions; But none such as may blot the honour of my Vertue, or Family. To hold you no longer in suspence, 'twas I brought the Letter from *Leanthe*; 'twas I manag'd the Intrigue with *Lucinda*; I sent the Note to Mr. *Roebuck* this afternoon; and I——

Roeb.

Roeb. That was the Bride of happy me.

Lov. Thou art my Sister, and my Guardian-Angel; for thou hast bless'd thy self, and bless'd thy Brother. *Lucinda* still is safe, and may be mine.

Roeb. May! —— She shall be thine, my Friend.

Lov. Where is *Lucinda?*

Enter Mockmode.

Mock. Not far off; tho' far enough from you, by the Universe.

Lean. You must give me leave not to believe you, Sir.

Mock. Oh Madam, I crave you ten thousand pardons by the Universe, Madam. —— Zauns, Madam, Dem me, Madam. (*Offers to salute her awkwardly.*

Lov. By your leave, Sir —— (*Thrusts him back.*

Roeb. Ah, Cousin *Mockmode!* —— How do all our Friends in *Shropshire?* ——

Mock. Now, Gentlemen, I thank you all for your Trick, your Sham. You imagine I have got your Whore, Cousin, your Crack. But Gentlemen, by the assistance of a Poet, your *Sheely* is Metamorphos'd into the real *Lucinda*; which your Eyes shall testifie. Bring in the Jury there.—Guilty or not Guilty?

Enter Lyrick *and* Trudge.

Trud. Oh my dear *Reobuck!* And Faith is it you, dear Joy? and where have you been these seven long years? (Trudge *seeing* Lovewell, *throws off her Masque, flies to him, takes him about the Neck and kisses him.*

Mock. Zauns! ——

Roeb. Hold off, stale Iniquity. —— Madam, you'll pardon this?— (*To* Leanthe.

Trud. Indeed I won't live with that stranger. You promised to marry me, so you did. —— Ah Sir, *Neddy*'s a brave Boy, God bless him; he's a whole arm full; Lord knows I had a heavy load of him.

Lov. Guilty, or Not Guilty, Mr. *Mockmode?*

Mock. 'Tis past that; I am condemn'd, I'm hang'd in the Marriage Noose. —— Hark ye, Madam, was this the Doctor that let you blood under the Tongue for the Quinsey.

Trud. Yes, that it was, Sir.

Mock. Then he may do so again; for the Devil take me if ever I breath a Vein for ye. —— Mr. *Lyrick*, is this your Poetical Friendship?

Lyr. I had only a mind to convince you of your 'Squireship.

Lov. Now, Sister, my fears are over. —— But where's *Lucinda?* how is she dispos'd of?

Lean. The fear she lay under of being discover'd by you, gave me an opportunity of imposing *Pindress* upon her instead of this Gentleman, whom she expected to wear one of *Pindress*'s Night-Gowns as a Disguise. To make the Cheat more current, she disguis'd her self in my Cloaths

Cloaths, which has made her paſs on her Maid for me; and I by that opportunity putting on a Suit of hers, paſt upon this Gentleman for *Lucinda*, my next buſineſs is to find her out, and beg her pardon, endeavour her reconcilement to you, which the diſcovery of the miſtakes between both will eaſily effect. (*Exit.*

Roeb. Well, Sir, (*To* Lyrick.) how was Plot your carried on?

Lyr. Why this 'Squire (will you give me leave to call you ſo now?) this 'Squire had a mind to perſonate *Lovewell*, to catch *Lucinda*——So I made *Trudge* to perſonate *Lucinda*, and ſnap him in this very Garden.—Now Sir, you'll give me leave to write your *Epithalamium*?

Mock. My *Epithalamium*! my *Epitaph*, Screech-Owl, for I'm Buried alive. But I hope you'll return my hundred pound I gave you for marrying me.

Lyr. No, But for Five hundred more I'll unmarry you. Theſe are hard times, and men of induſtry muſt make Money.

Mock. Here's the Money, by the Univerſe, Sir; a Bill of Five hundred pound Sterling upon Mr. *Ditto* the Mercer in *Cheapſide*. Bring me a Reprieve, and 'tis yours.

Lyr. Lay it in that Gentleman's hands. (*Gives* Roeb. *the Bill.* The Executioner ſhall cut the Rope. (*Goes to the door, and brings in* Bullfinch *dreſs'd like a Parſon.*

Here's Revelation for you!—— (*Pulls open the Gown.*

Mock. Oh thou damn'd Whore of *Babylon*!

Lov. What, Pope *Joan* the ſecond! were you the Prieſt?

Bull. Of the Poet's Ordination.

Lyr. Ay, ay, before the time of Chriſtianity the Poets were Prieſts.

Mock. No wonder then that all the World were Heathens.

Lyr. How d'ye like the Plot? wou'd it not do well for a Play?——My Money, Sir.—— (*To* Roebuck.

Lyr. No, Sir, it belongs to this Gentlewoman.—(*Gives it to* Trudge.) you have divorc'd her, and muſt give her ſeperate maintenance.——There's another turn of Plot you were not aware of, Mr. *Lyrick.*

Enter Lucinda, Leanthe, *and* Pindreſs.

Luc. You have told me Wonders.

Lean. Here are theſe can teſtifie the truth. This Gentleman is the real Mr. *Mockmode*, and much ſuch another perſon as your dream repreſented.

Roeb. I hope, Madam, you'll pardon my diſſembling, ſince only the hopes of ſo great a purchaſe cou'd cauſe it.

Luc. Let my wiſhing you much Joy and Happineſs in your Bride teſtifie my reconciliation; And at the requeſt of your Siſter, Mr. *Lovewell*, I pardon your paſt Jealouſies. You threatned me, Mr. *Lovewell*, with an *Iriſh* Entertainment at my Wedding. I wiſh it preſent now, to aſſiſt at your Siſters Nuptials.

Love. As

Lumi. As my laſt going hence, I ſent for 'em, and they're ready.

Lov. Call 'em in then.

(*An* Iriſh *Entertainment of three Men and three Women, dreſs'd after the* Fingallion *faſhion.*

Lov. I muſt reward your Siſter, Mr. *Lovewell*, for the many Services done me as my Page. I therefore ſettle my Fortune and my ſelf on you, on this Condition, That you make over your Eſtate in *Ireland* to your Siſter, and that Gentleman.

Lov. 'Tis done; only with this Proviſo, Brother, That you forſake your Extravagancies.

Lumb. Brother, you know I always ſlighted Gold;
But not ſo when offer'd as a ſordid Bribe.
I ſcorn to be brib'd even to Vertue;
But for bright Vertues ſake, I here embrace it. (*Embracing* Leanthe.
I have eſpous'd all Goodneſs with *Leanthe*,
And am divorc'd from all my former Follies.

Woman's our Fate. Wild and Unlawful Flames
Debauch us firſt, and ſofter Love reclaims.
Thus Paradice was loſt by Woman's Fall;
But Vertuous Woman thus reſtores it all. (Exeunt omnes

FINIS.

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